

The BOYS

Dear Becky



03

MATURE

DYNAMITE

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2020

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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03

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the “supes” to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on...

DYNAMITE

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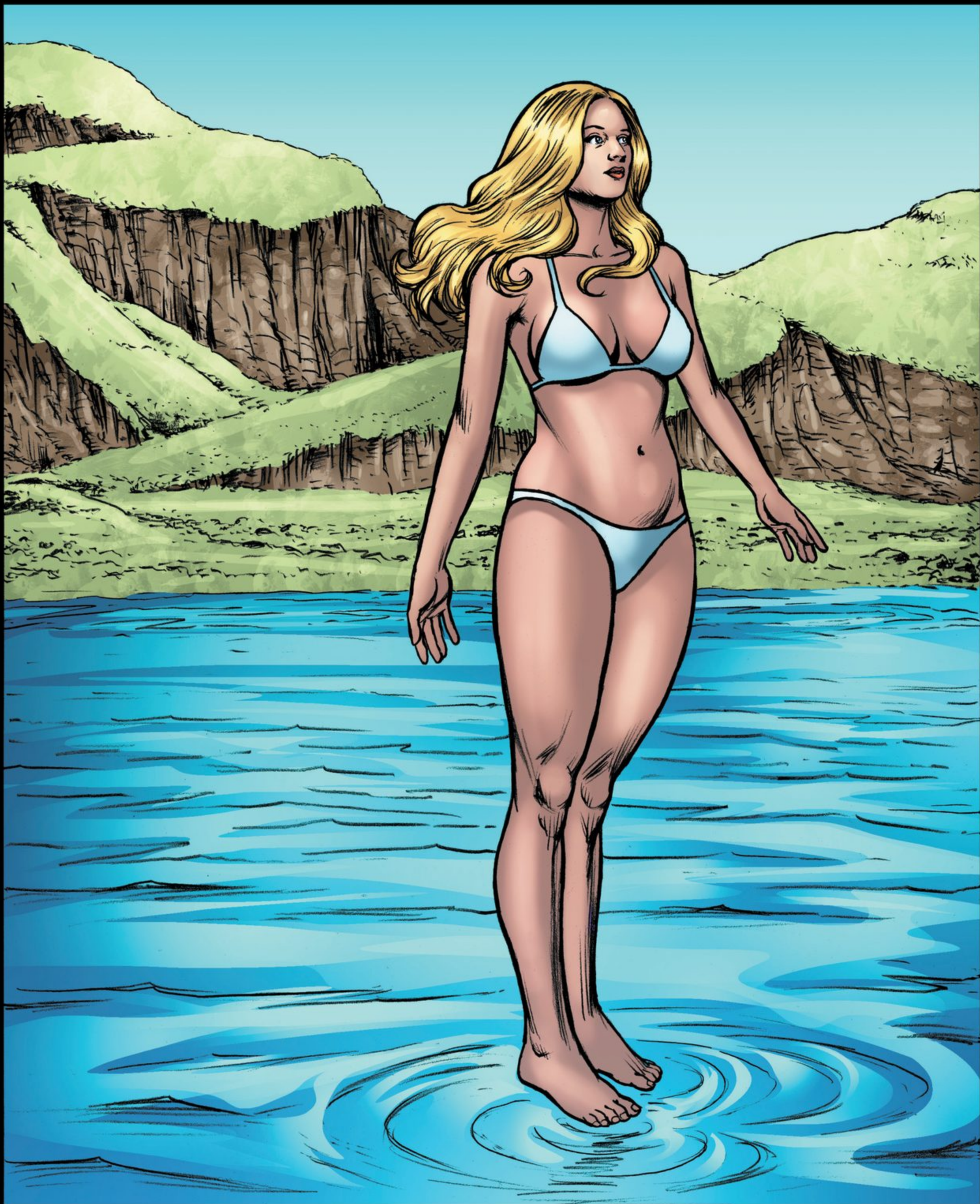


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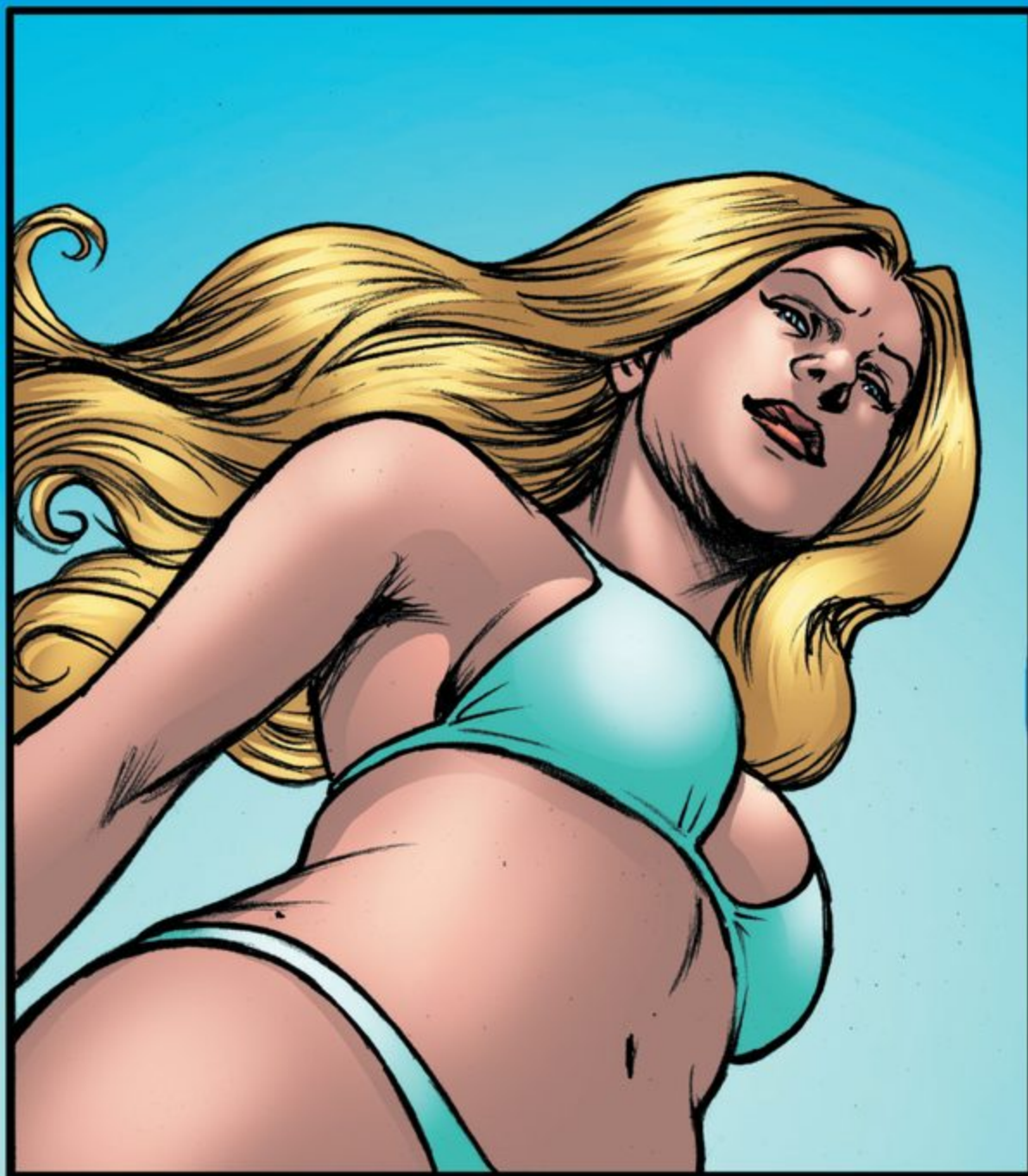
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3: MONDAY



HELLO, THING FROM THE DEPTHS.

BLOOP

HOW'S THE WATERY WORLD BENEATH OUR OWN?

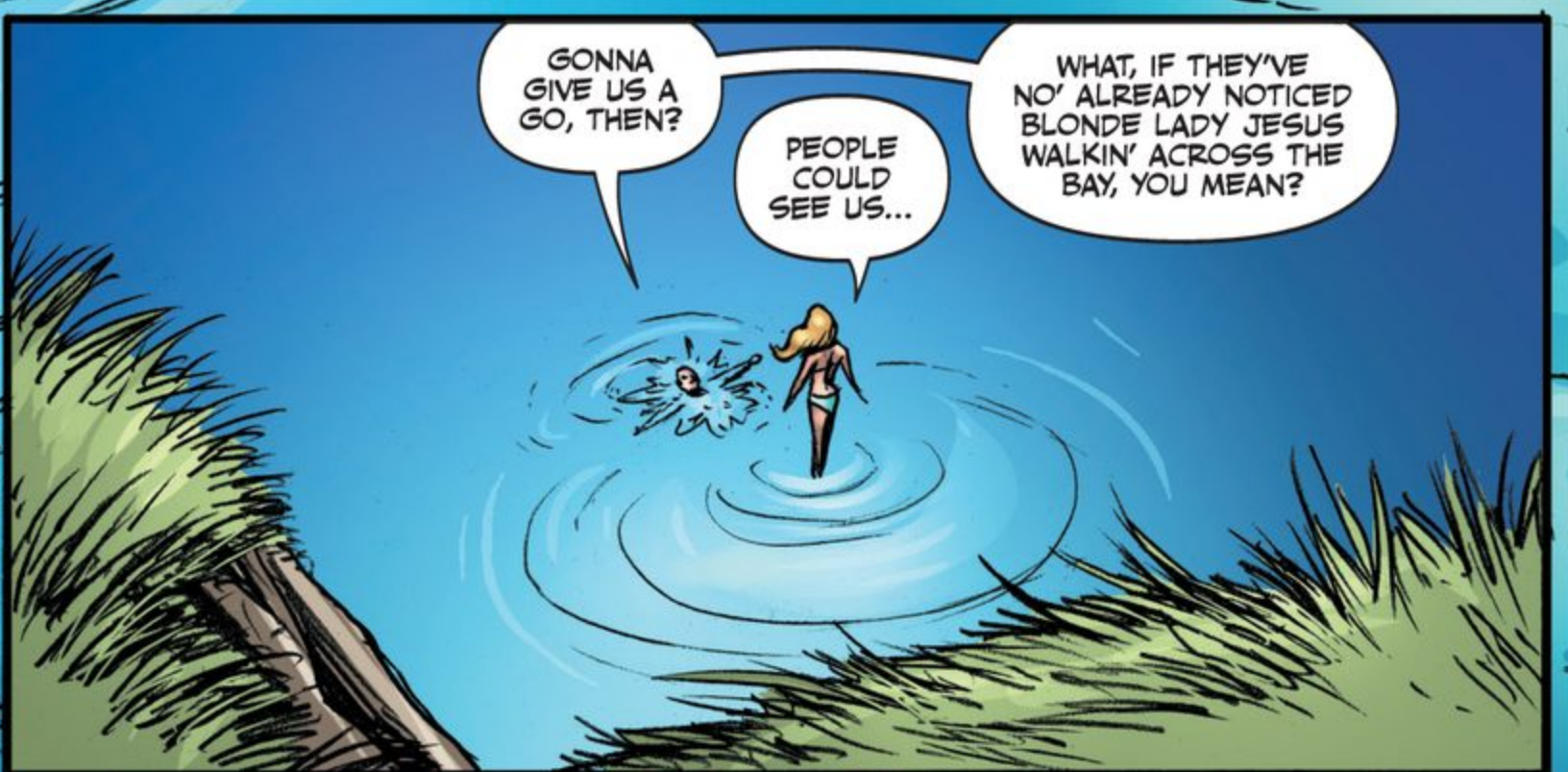


NO' BAD. I FOUND A QUID, I THINK IT'S ONE O' THE ONES MY PAW USED TO DROP FOR ME.

WHERE IS IT?

DROPPED IT.

SO WE'RE BROKE AGAIN.



GONNA GIVE US A GO, THEN?

PEOPLE COULD SEE US...

WHAT, IF THEY'VE NO' ALREADY NOTICED BLONDE LADY JESUS WALKIN' ACROSS THE BAY, YOU MEAN?



OH MY GOD...!

THIS IS BRAW!

I CAN SEE EVERYTHING, I CAN SEE AW' THE WAY OUT TO SEA!

YEAH IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T CARRY YOU ON THE GROUND, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK--

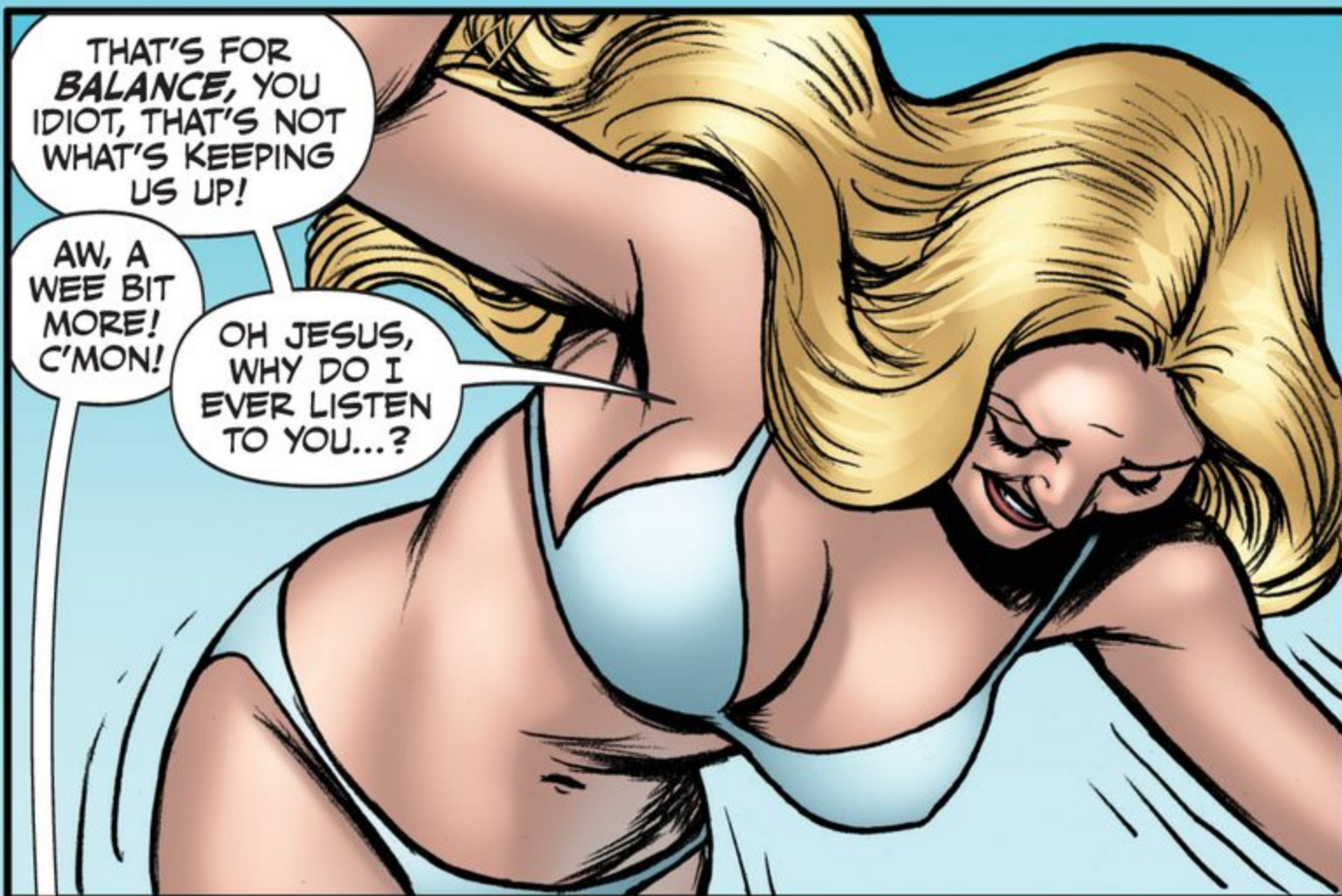
OCH, FLAP HARDER!



THAT'S FOR **BALANCE**, YOU IDIOT, THAT'S NOT WHAT'S KEEPING US UP!

AW, A WEE BIT MORE! C'MON!

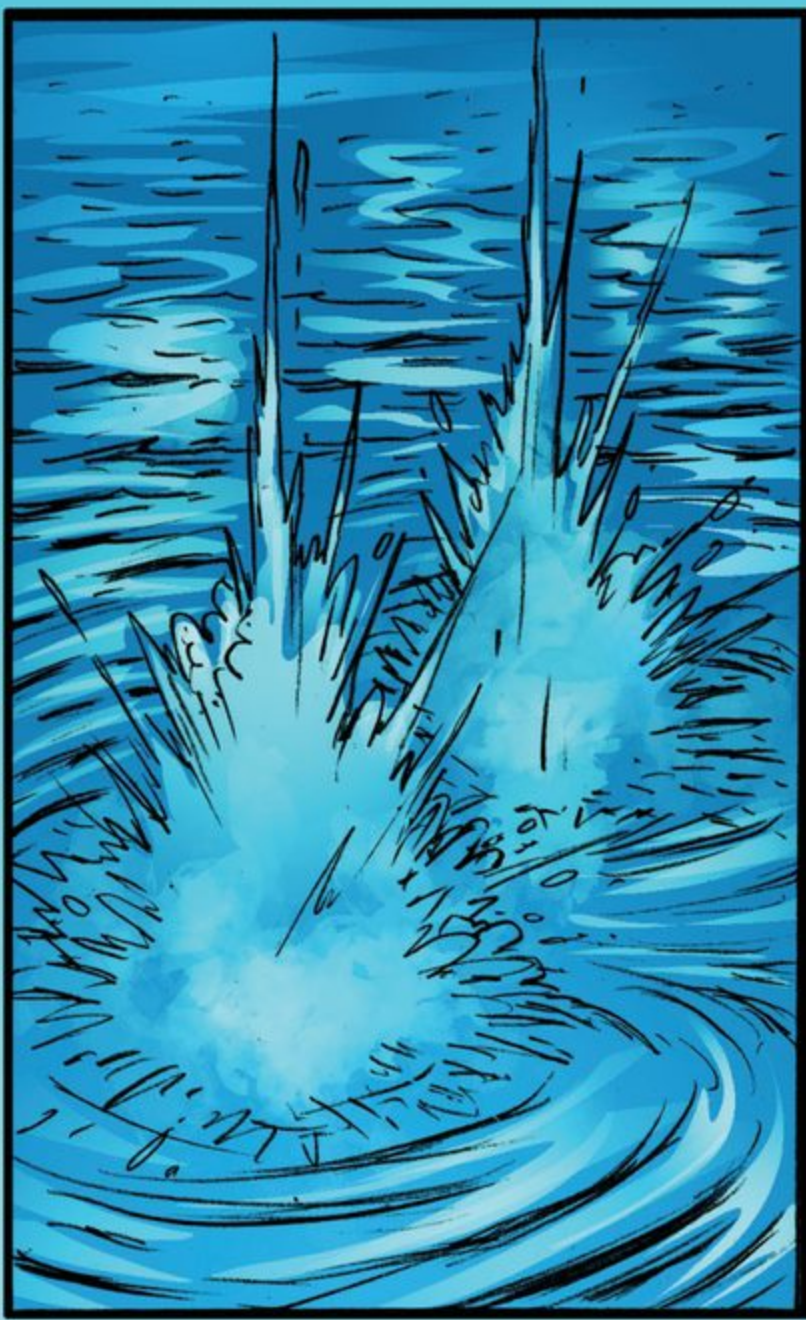
OH JESUS, WHY DO I EVER LISTEN TO YOU...?



SHIT!

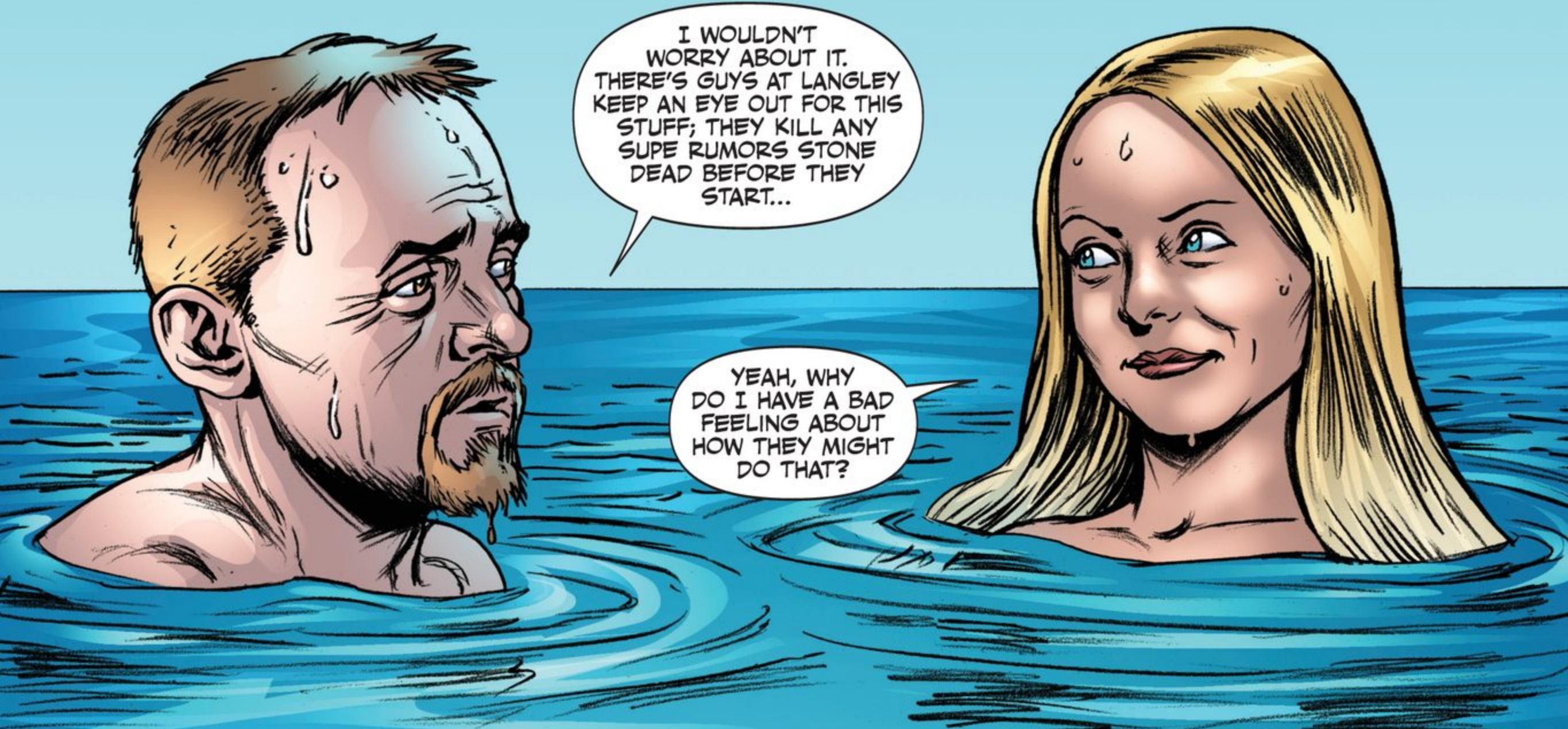


YAAAAH!



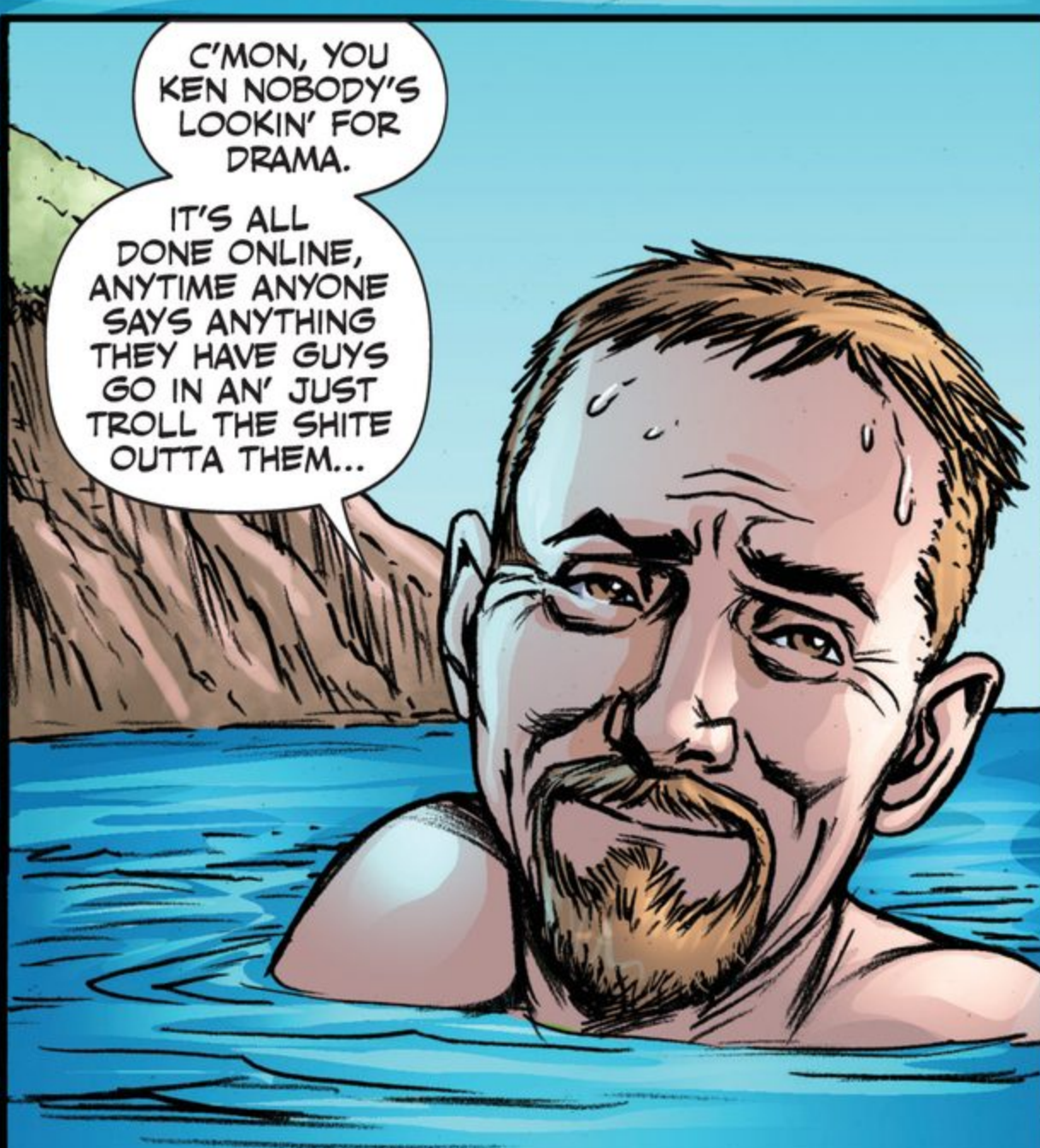
JINGS---!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE.



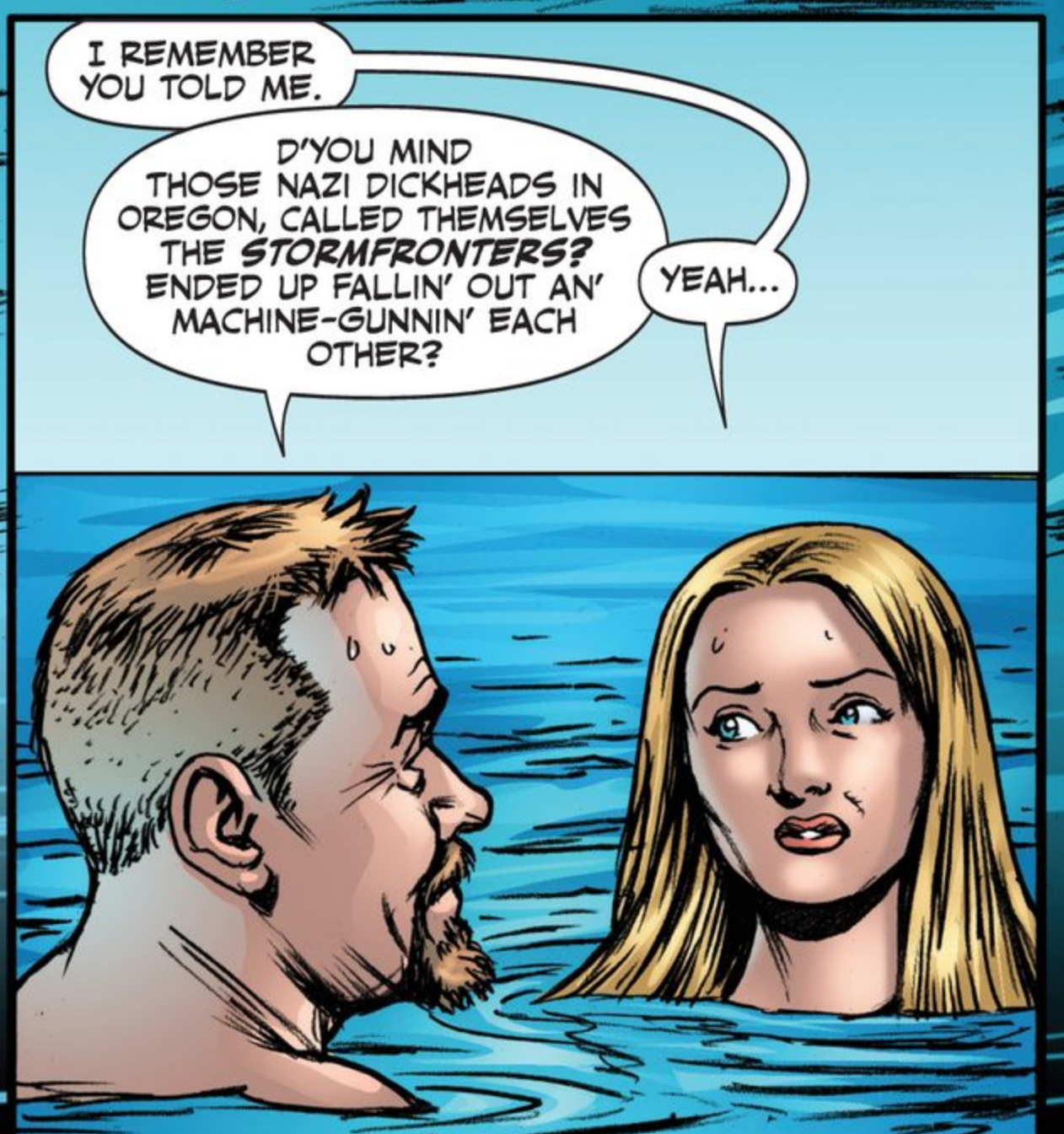
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT. THERE'S GUYS AT LANGLEY KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THIS STUFF; THEY KILL ANY SUPE RUMORS STONE DEAD BEFORE THEY START...

YEAH, WHY DO I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT HOW THEY MIGHT DO THAT?



C'MON, YOU KEN NOBODY'S LOOKIN' FOR DRAMA.

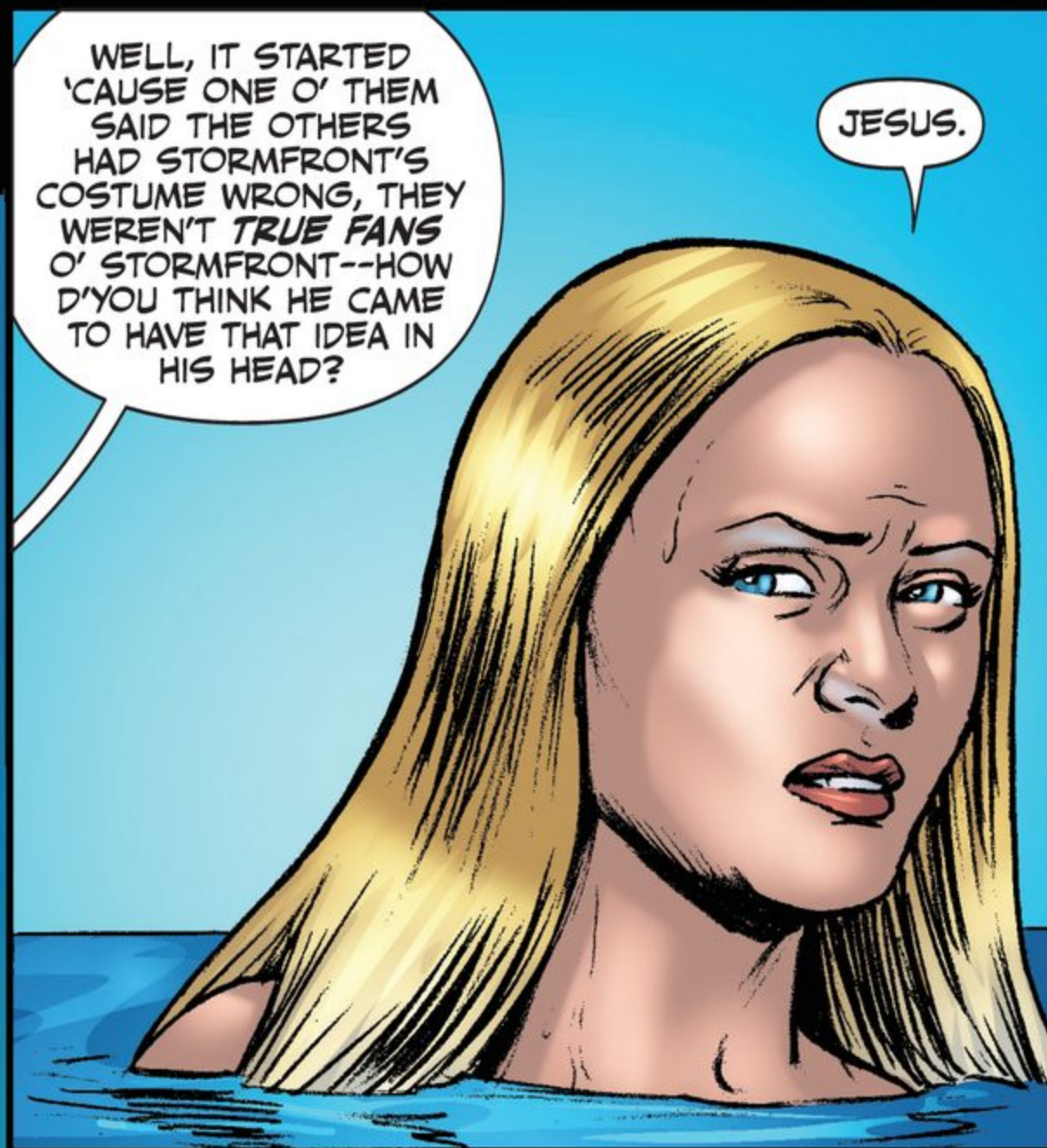
IT'S ALL DONE ONLINE, ANYTIME ANYONE SAYS ANYTHING THEY HAVE GUYS GO IN AN' JUST TROLL THE SHITE OUTTA THEM...



I REMEMBER YOU TOLD ME.

D'YOU MIND THOSE NAZI DICKHEADS IN OREGON, CALLED THEMSELVES THE **STORMFRONTERS**? ENDED UP FALLIN' OUT AN' MACHINE-GUNNIN' EACH OTHER?

YEAH...



WELL, IT STARTED 'CAUSE ONE O' THEM SAID THE OTHERS HAD STORMFRONT'S COSTUME WRONG, THEY WEREN'T *TRUE FANS* O' STORMFRONT--HOW D'YOU THINK HE CAME TO HAVE THAT IDEA IN HIS HEAD?

JESUS.



I KNOW WE'VE BEEN ON AND OFF THE GRID A FEW TIMES, HUGHIE, BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF DETAIL I REALLY COULD DO WITHOUT KNOWING...

I'M ONLY TELLIN' YOU SO YOU SEE IT'S UNDER CONTROL. NO ONE WANTS THE SUPES BACK, OR ANYTHIN' TO DO WI' THEM.



NOTHIN' RELATED TO. NOTHIN' INSPIRED BY.

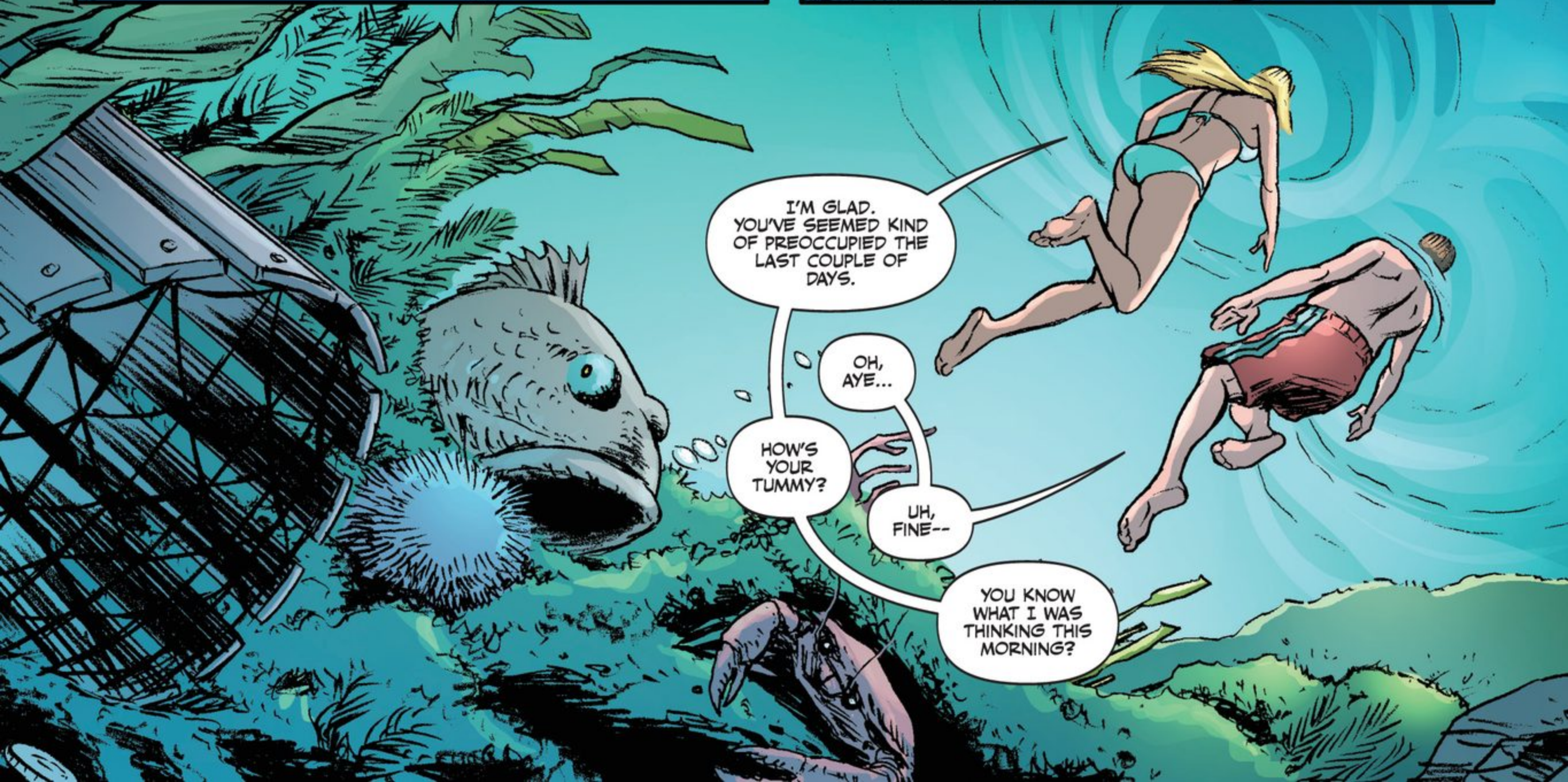
AN' ACCIDENTS HAPPEN, AYE, BUT THE SUPES THAT ARE OUT THERE HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN...



EXCEPT THIS ONE, APPARENTLY.

OCH, THAT WAS JUST FUN. I'M GLAD WE DID IT.

I LOVE COMIN' OUT HERE WI' YOU, IT DOES ME A POWER O' GOOD...



I'M GLAD. YOU'VE SEEMED KIND OF PREOCCUPIED THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

OH, AYE...

HOW'S YOUR TUMMY?

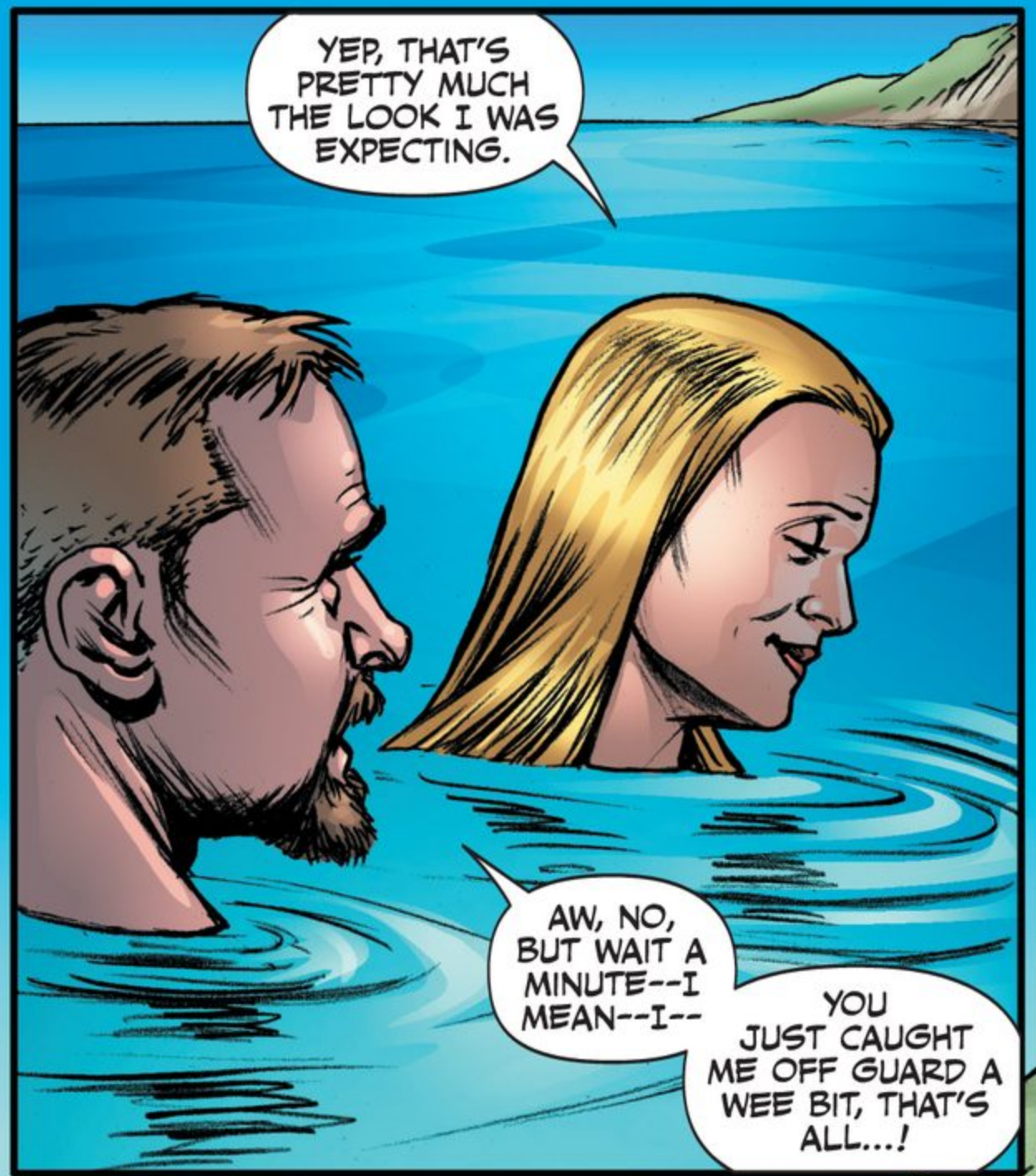
UH, FINE--

YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING THIS MORNING?



IF I
CAN'T BE ANNIE
JANUARY... THEN
INSTEAD OF ANNIE
KENNEDY...

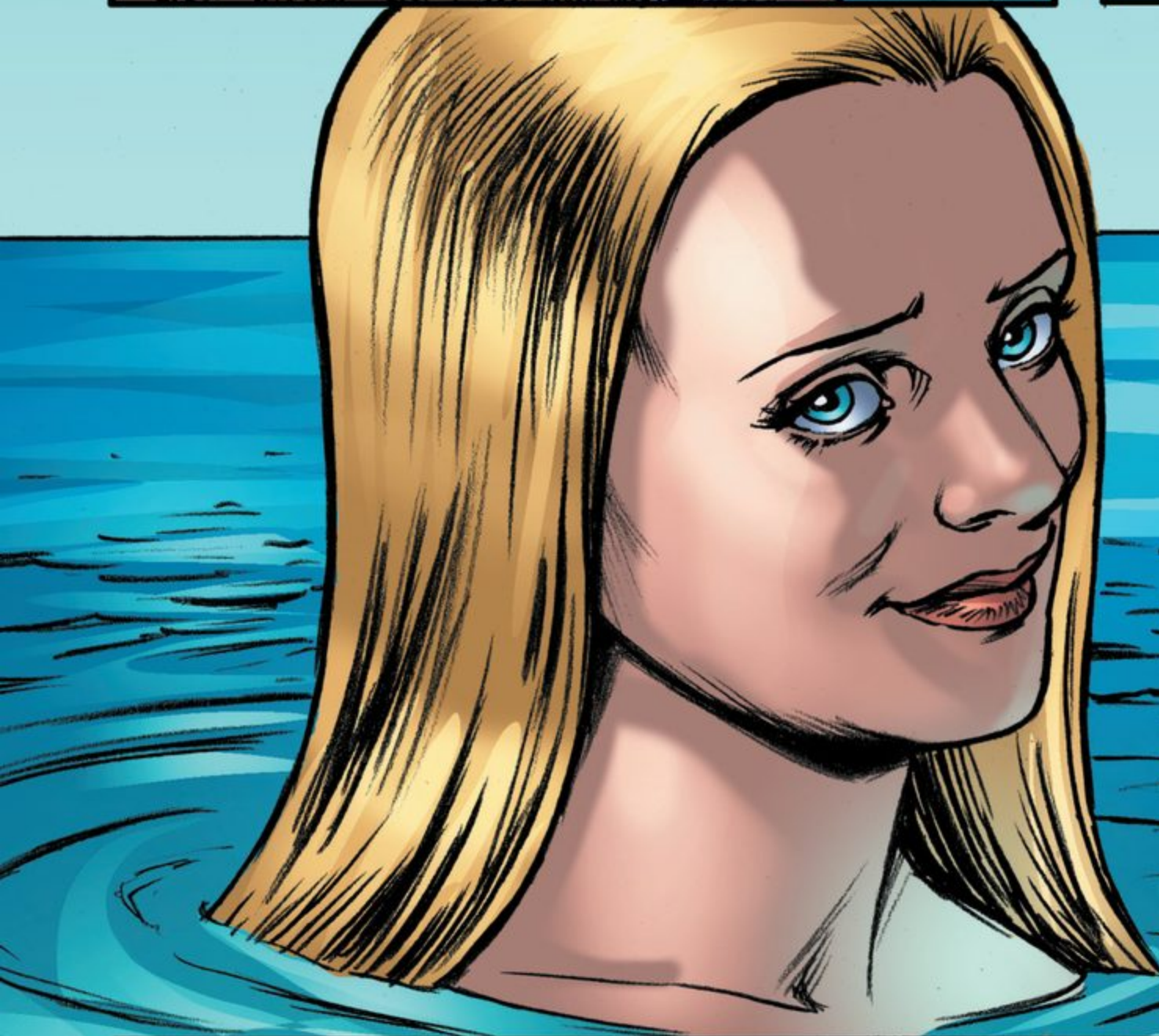
COULDN'T I
JUST BE ANNIE
CAMPBELL?



YEP, THAT'S
PRETTY MUCH
THE LOOK I WAS
EXPECTING.

AW, NO,
BUT WAIT A
MINUTE--I
MEAN--I--

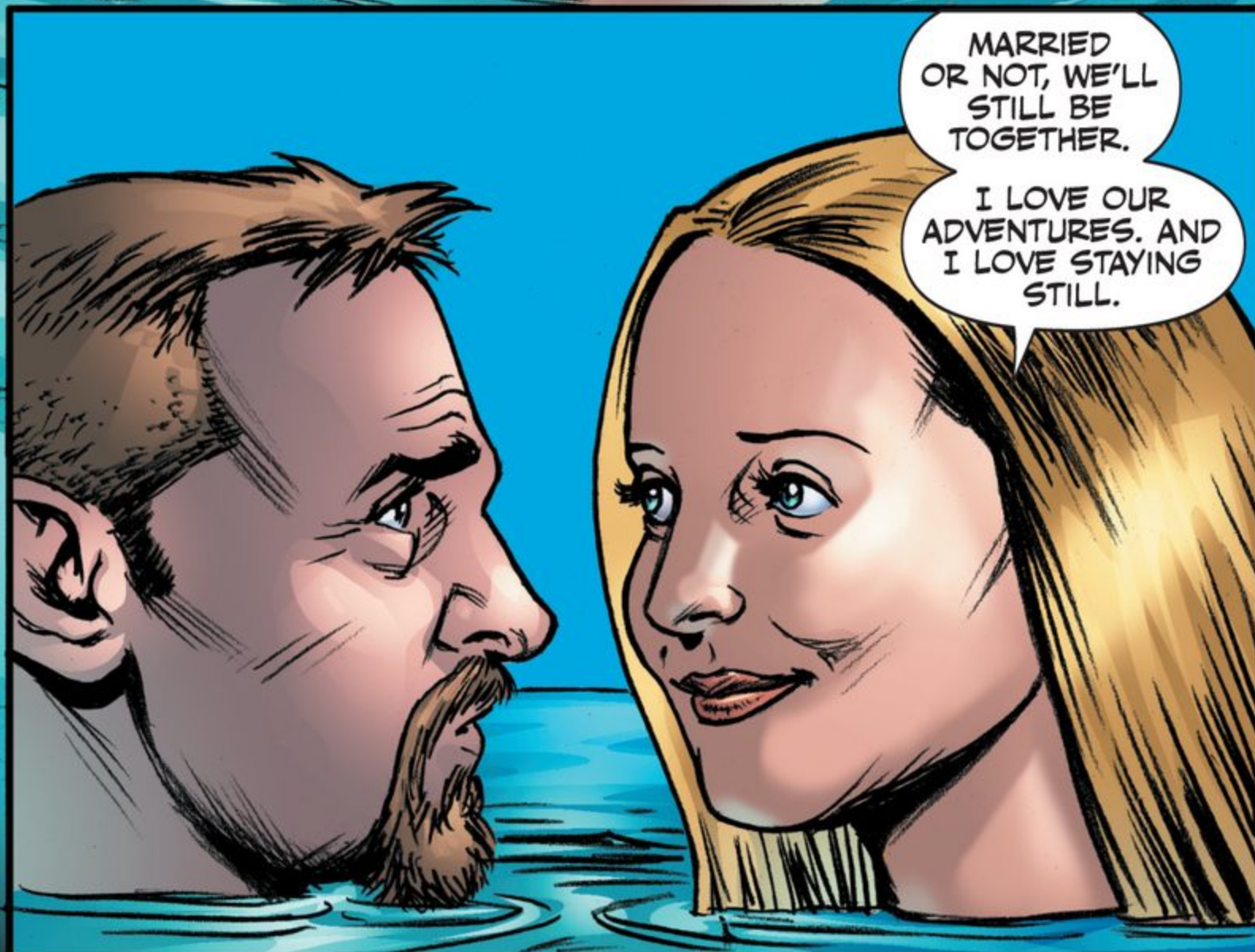
YOU
JUST CAUGHT
ME OFF GUARD A
WEE BIT, THAT'S
ALL....!



RELAX.

IT WAS
YOUR IDEA, HUGHIE.
YOU'RE THE ONE
WENT DOWN ON ONE
KNEE ON THE ROAD
TO HANA.

BUT CAN'T
YOU MAKE UP
YOUR MIND?



MARRIED
OR NOT, WE'LL
STILL BE
TOGETHER.

I LOVE OUR
ADVENTURES. AND
I LOVE STAYING
STILL.



JUST
DON'T KEEP
ME WAITING,
OKAY?



BILLY BUTCHER, DID YOU JUST CALL ME *POSH*--?



IF THE SHOE FITS...

BUT IT DOESN'T BLOODY FIT, DOES IT? HOW THE HELL IS *HACKNEY* *POSH*?

COME ON, YOU CAN HEAR IT IN YOUR ACCENT...

GOD, YOU ARE SUCH A BLOODY WIND-UP MERCHANT--!



YOU'RE *POSHER*'N I AM, ANYWAY.

YOU'RE FROM *MILLWALL*! LONDON BLOODY ZOO'S *POSHER* THAN *MILLWALL*!

EEWWW, NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR *MILADY*, *EY SEEEE*...



'ERE, MATE, I THINK YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT!

WHAT, DID THE GAME GET A BIT TOO EXCITIN' FOR YOU--?

D'YOU NEED SOMEONE TO HELP YOU TO THE TOILET...?



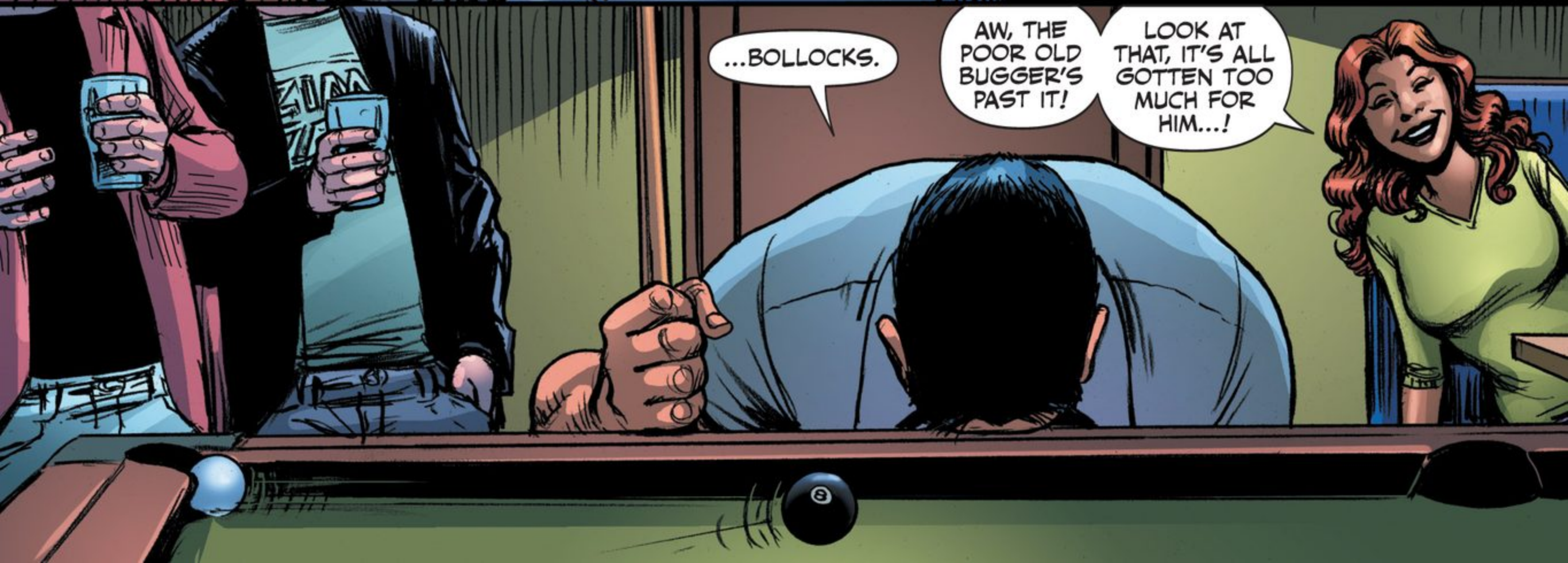
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LADS, HE'S GETTIN' ON A BIT. I POP HIS TEETH IN AN' BRING HIM DOWN HERE NOW AN AGAIN, JUST AS A BIT OF A TREAT.



YOU SEE WHEN I GET YOU HOME AFTER THIS...?



PROMISES, PROMISES...ALWAYS PROMISES...



...BOLLOCKS.

AW, THE POOR OLD BUGGER'S PAST IT!

LOOK AT THAT, IT'S ALL GOTTEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM...!



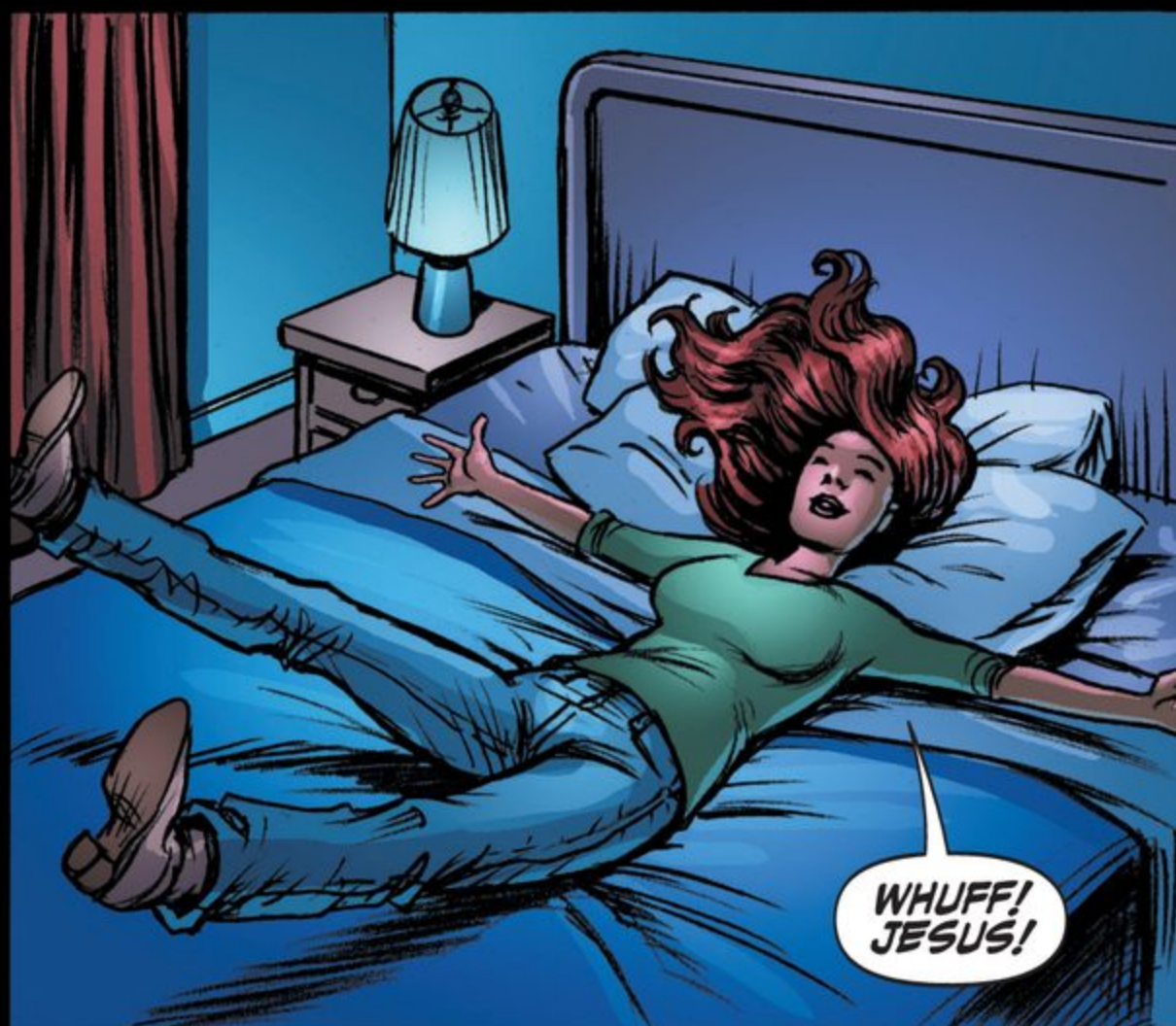
WAAAAAAGGHHH!



AAAAAH!
BILLY! YOU'RE
GONNA DROP
ME!

NO
I AIN'T.

YOU
BLOODY LUNATIC,
YOU ARE!



WHUFF!
JESUS!



GOD ALMIGHTY,
I SWEAR THIS BED'S
GONNA GIVE OUT ON
US ONE OF THESE
DAYS...!

MAYBE
TONIGHT'S
THE NIGHT.

YOU MENTAL
BLEEDER, I
THOUGHT YOU
WAS GONNA
LET GO OF ME
JUST NOW!



DON'T BE DAFT.

I AIN'T NEVER
GONNA LET GO
OF YOU.



YOU
GOTTA READ
THAT?

BETTER'N
THE SUN, YOU
SAID YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE IT IN THE
HOUSE...

YEAH,
BUT...
RRGH.



BECKY,
I AIN'T READIN' THE
BLOODY GUARDIAN,
I TOLD YOU.

WHY
NOT?

'COS I JUST
AIN'T THAT WORRIED
ABOUT LIFE.



FAIR
ENOUGH.



YOU DO
KNOW YOU ALREADY GOT
ME TO CHANGE QUITE A
BIT ABOUT MESELF, DON'T
YOU? THERE'S TIMES MUM
AN' LENNY SAY THEY
HARDLY KNOW ME.

TRUE.

I MEAN LAST
NIGHT IN THE PUB,
THERE WOULD'VE BEEN
BLOODY CARNAGE. AN'
I'D'VE WALKED AWAY
WITHOUT GIVIN' IT A
SECOND THOUGHT.

NOW
THAT IS
DEFINITELY
TRUE.



SO BE
CONTENT WITH
NAAAH--!

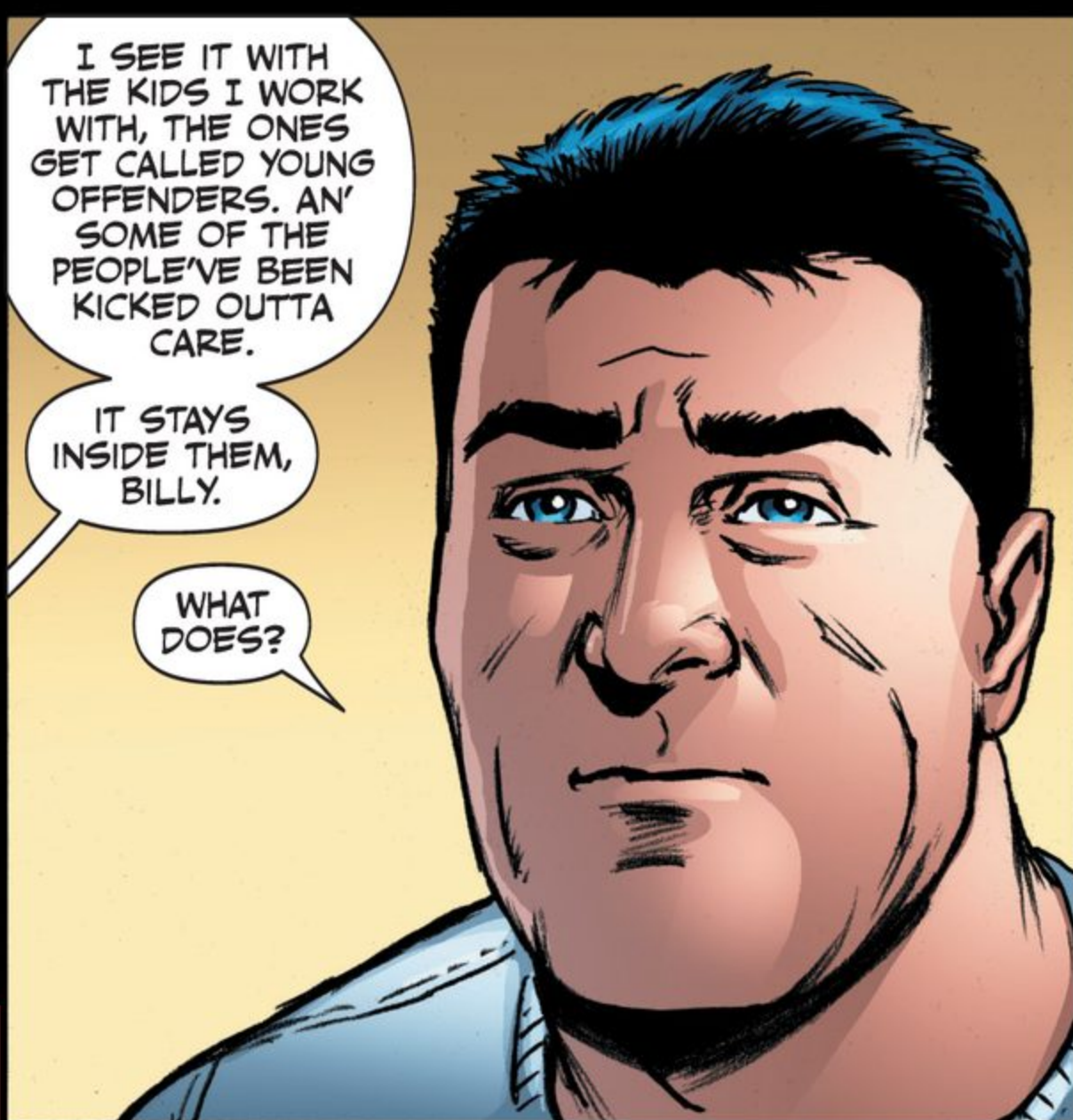
THINK
OF YERSELF
AS A WORK IN
PROGRESS.



YOU KNOW YOU
DON'T REALLY WALK
AWAY FROM IT,
DON'T YOU?

EH?

WHETHER
YOU'RE THE ONE
GETS HIT, OR
YOU'RE DOIN'
THE HITTIN'. NO
ONE DOES.



I SEE IT WITH
THE KIDS I WORK
WITH, THE ONES
GET CALLED YOUNG
OFFENDERS. AN'
SOME OF THE
PEOPLE'VE BEEN
KICKED OUTTA
CARE.

IT STAYS
INSIDE THEM,
BILLY.

WHAT
DOES?



ALL THE
HORRIBLE
NEGATIVE
SHIT.

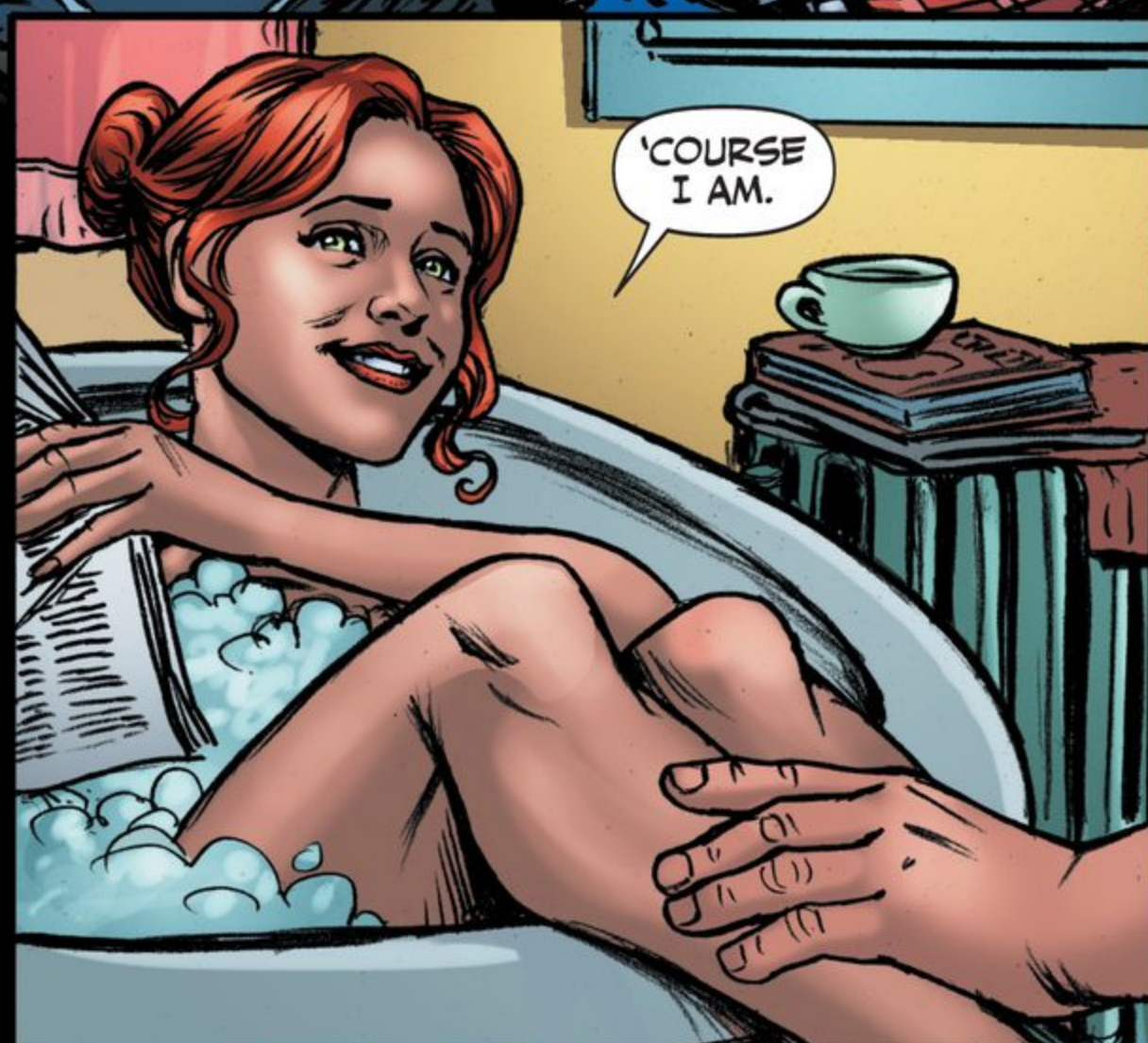
IT DON'T GO
AWAY, IT LEAVES
THEM WOUND
UP TO NINETY.
RESENTFUL,
FRUSTRATED.

HURT.



AN' ONE DAY
WHEN THEY'RE
LEAST EXPECTIN'
IT, IT ALL COMES
OUT.

YOU
KNOW?





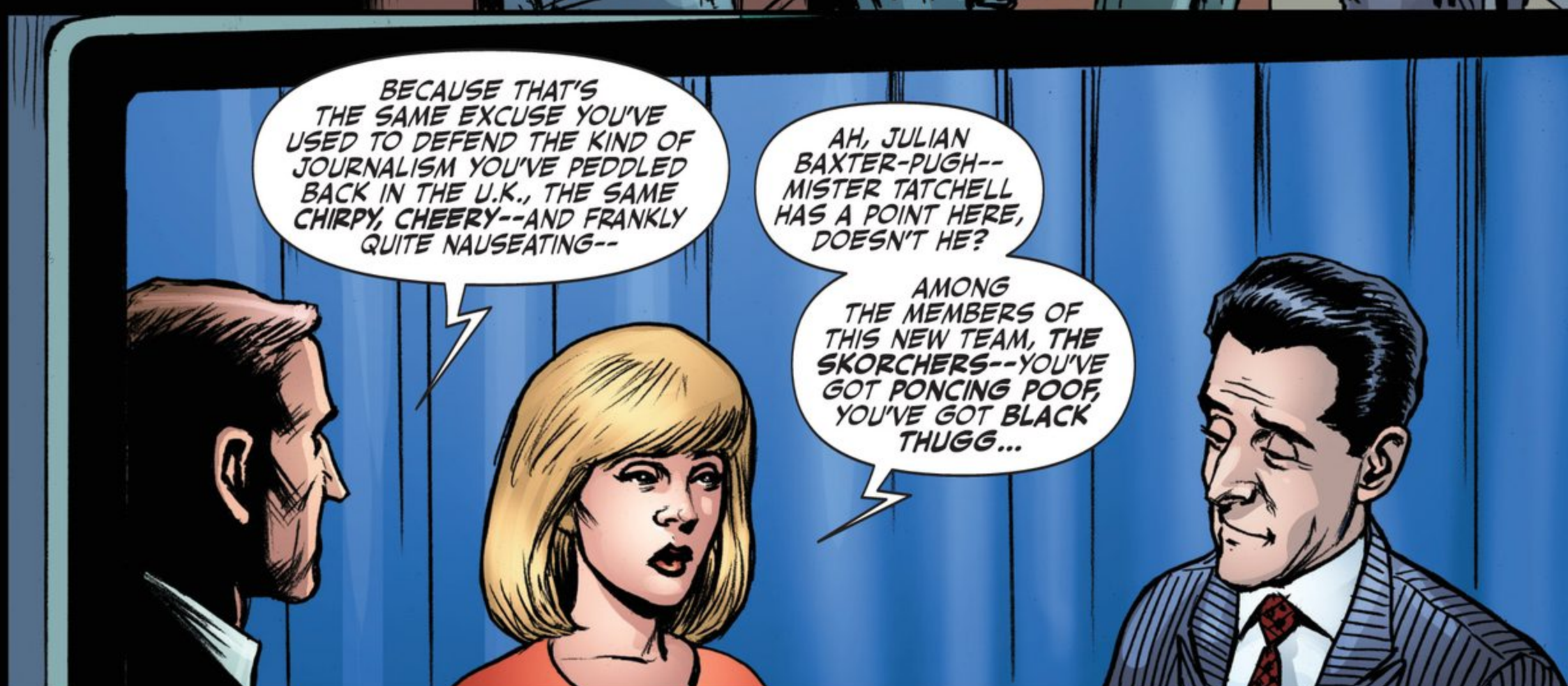
NICE
OF YOU TO
JOIN US.

YEAH,
AIN'T IT?

**THOMPSON
&
GARAND**
**INDUSTRIA
IMPORTS**

THIS IS
FROM LAST
NIGHT.

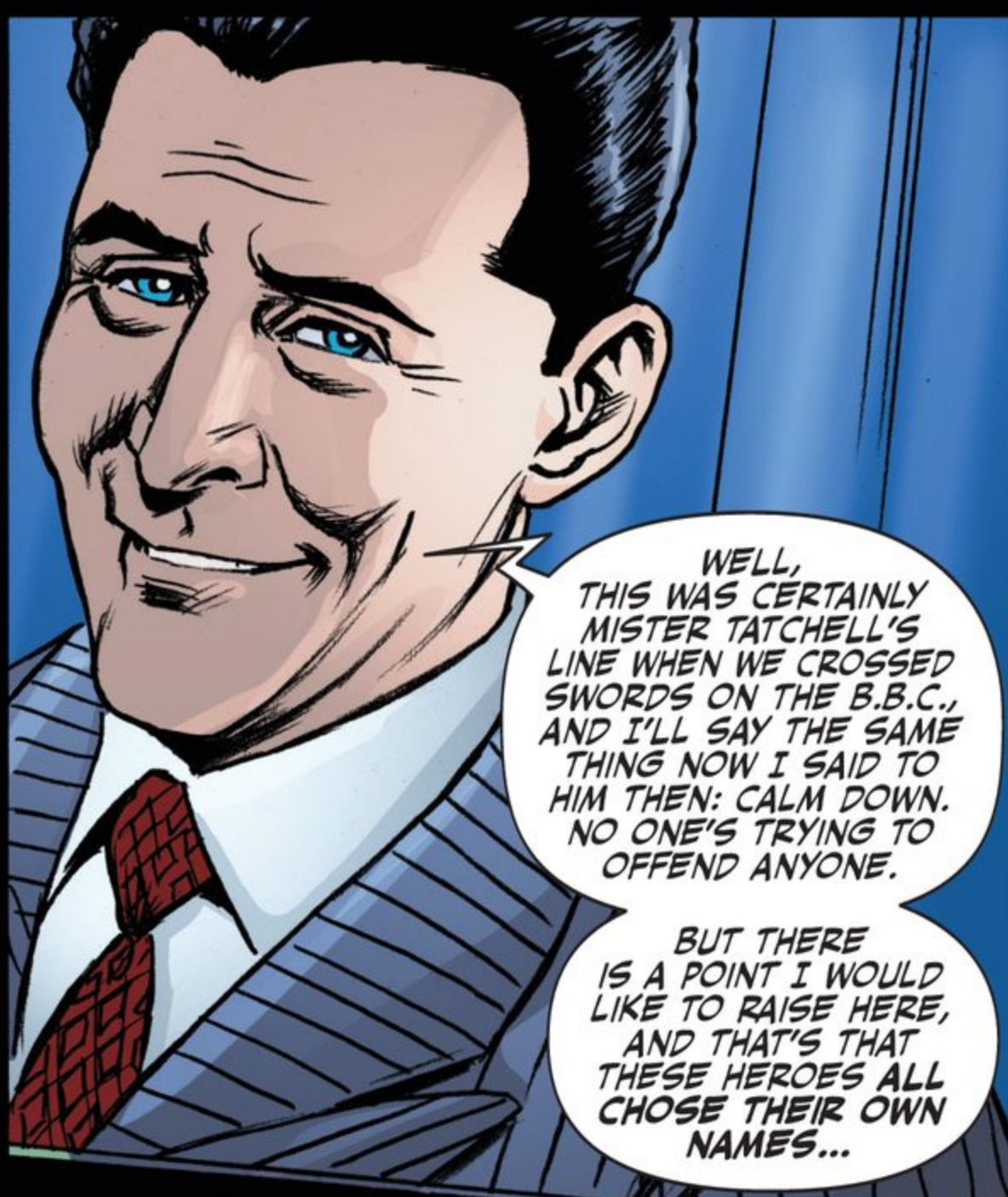
...YOU'RE
DISMISSING
RACISM AND
HOMOPHOBIA
AS A BIT OF
FUN--?



BECAUSE THAT'S
THE SAME EXCUSE YOU'VE
USED TO DEFEND THE KIND OF
JOURNALISM YOU'VE PEDDLED
BACK IN THE U.K., THE SAME
CHIRPY, CHEERY--AND FRANKLY
QUITE NAUSEATING--

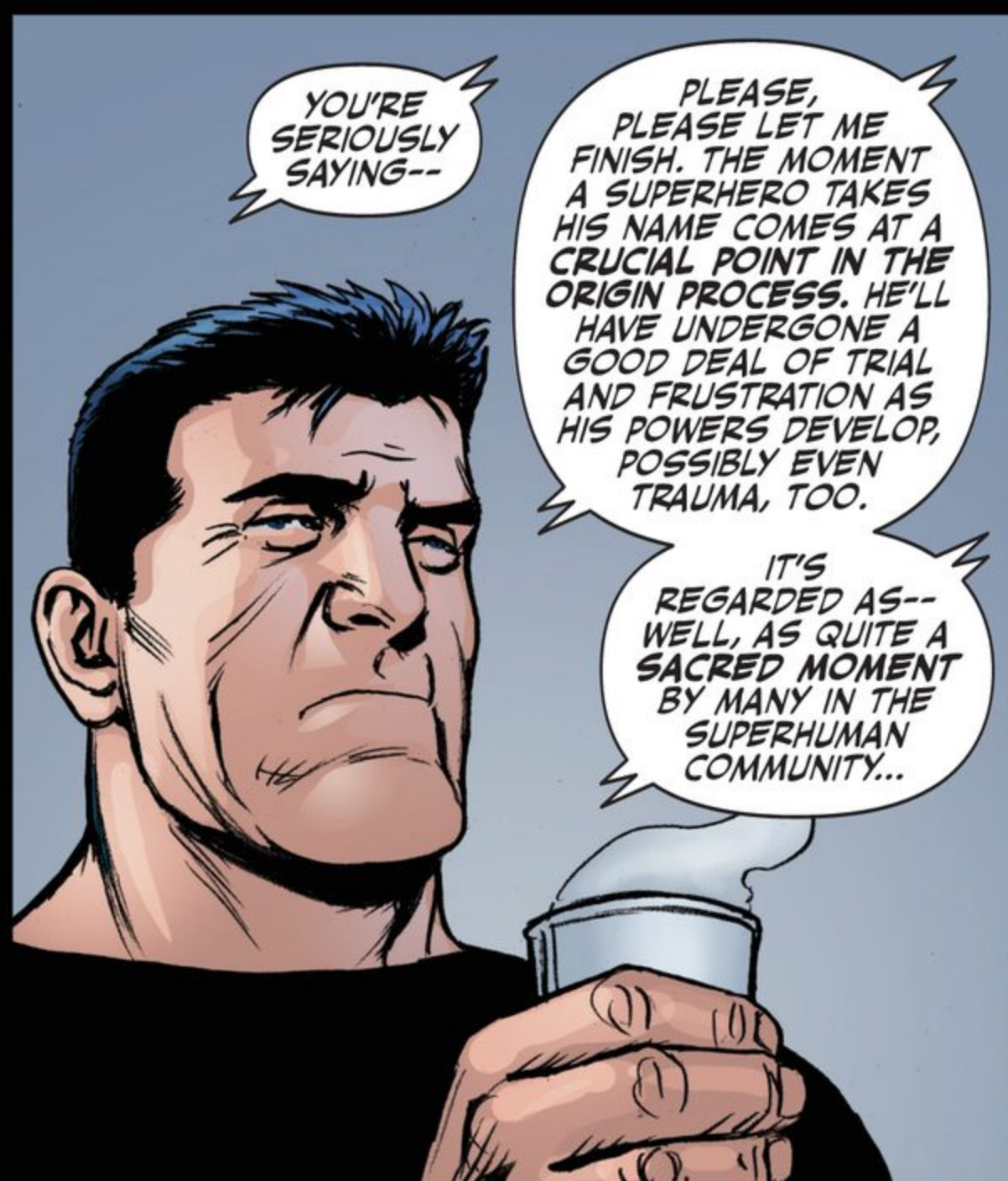
AH, JULIAN
BAXTER-PUGH--
MISTER TATCHELL
HAS A POINT HERE,
DOESN'T HE?

AMONG
THE MEMBERS OF
THIS NEW TEAM, THE
SKORCHERS--YOU'VE
GOT PONCING POOF,
YOU'VE GOT BLACK
THUGG...



WELL,
THIS WAS CERTAINLY
MISTER TATCHELL'S
LINE WHEN WE CROSSED
SWORDS ON THE B.B.C.,
AND I'LL SAY THE SAME
THING NOW I SAID TO
HIM THEN: CALM DOWN.
NO ONE'S TRYING TO
OFFEND ANYONE.

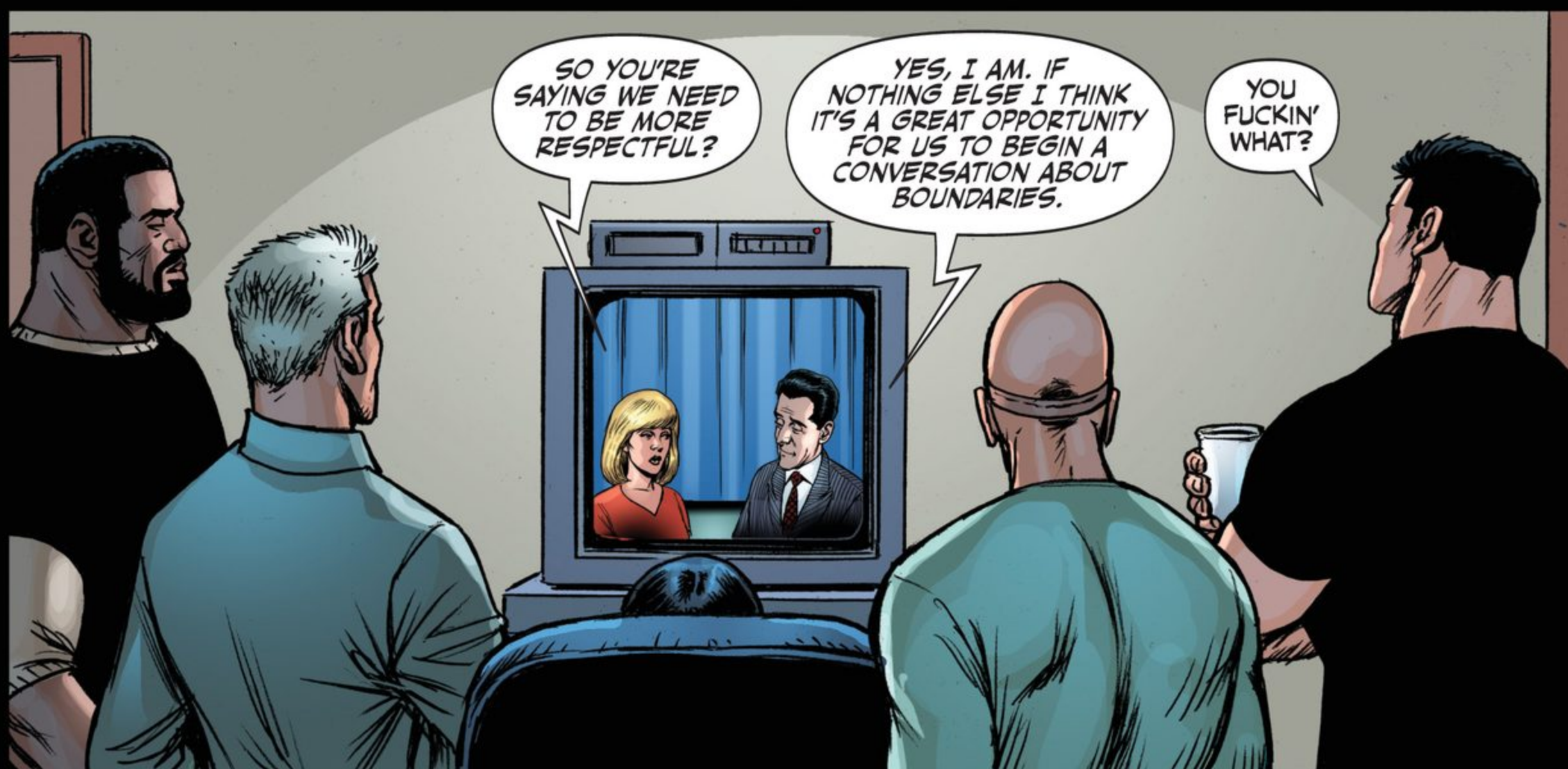
BUT THERE
IS A POINT I WOULD
LIKE TO RAISE HERE,
AND THAT'S THAT
THESE HEROES ALL
CHOSE THEIR OWN
NAMES...



YOU'RE
SERIOUSLY
SAYING--

PLEASE,
PLEASE LET ME
FINISH. THE MOMENT
A SUPERHERO TAKES
HIS NAME COMES AT A
CRUCIAL POINT IN THE
ORIGIN PROCESS. HE'LL
HAVE UNDERGONE A
GOOD DEAL OF TRIAL
AND FRUSTRATION AS
HIS POWERS DEVELOP,
POSSIBLY EVEN
TRAUMA, TOO.

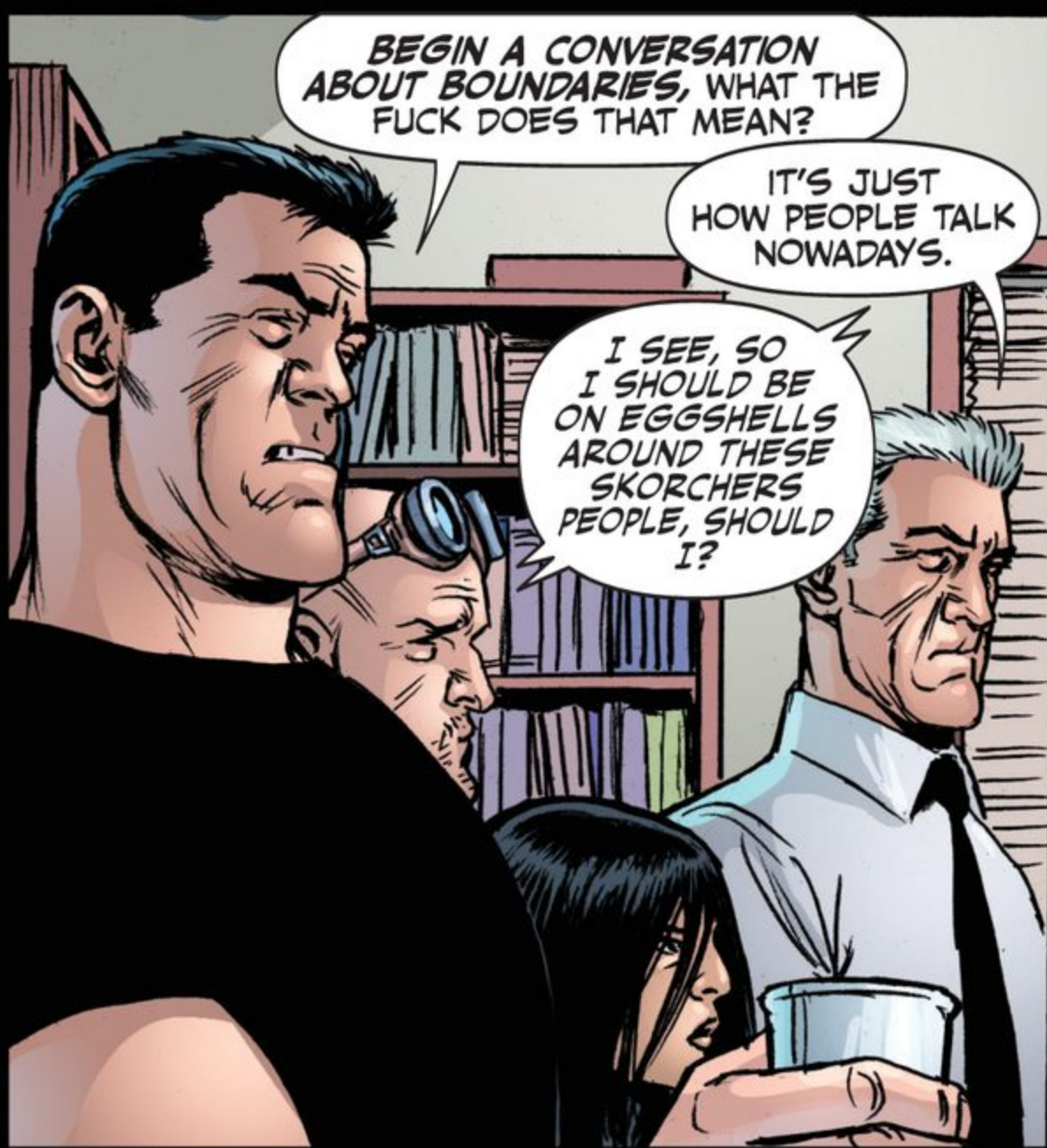
IT'S
REGARDED AS--
WELL, AS QUITE A
SACRED MOMENT
BY MANY IN THE
SUPERHUMAN
COMMUNITY...



SO YOU'RE SAYING WE NEED TO BE MORE RESPECTFUL?

YES, I AM. IF NOTHING ELSE I THINK IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES.

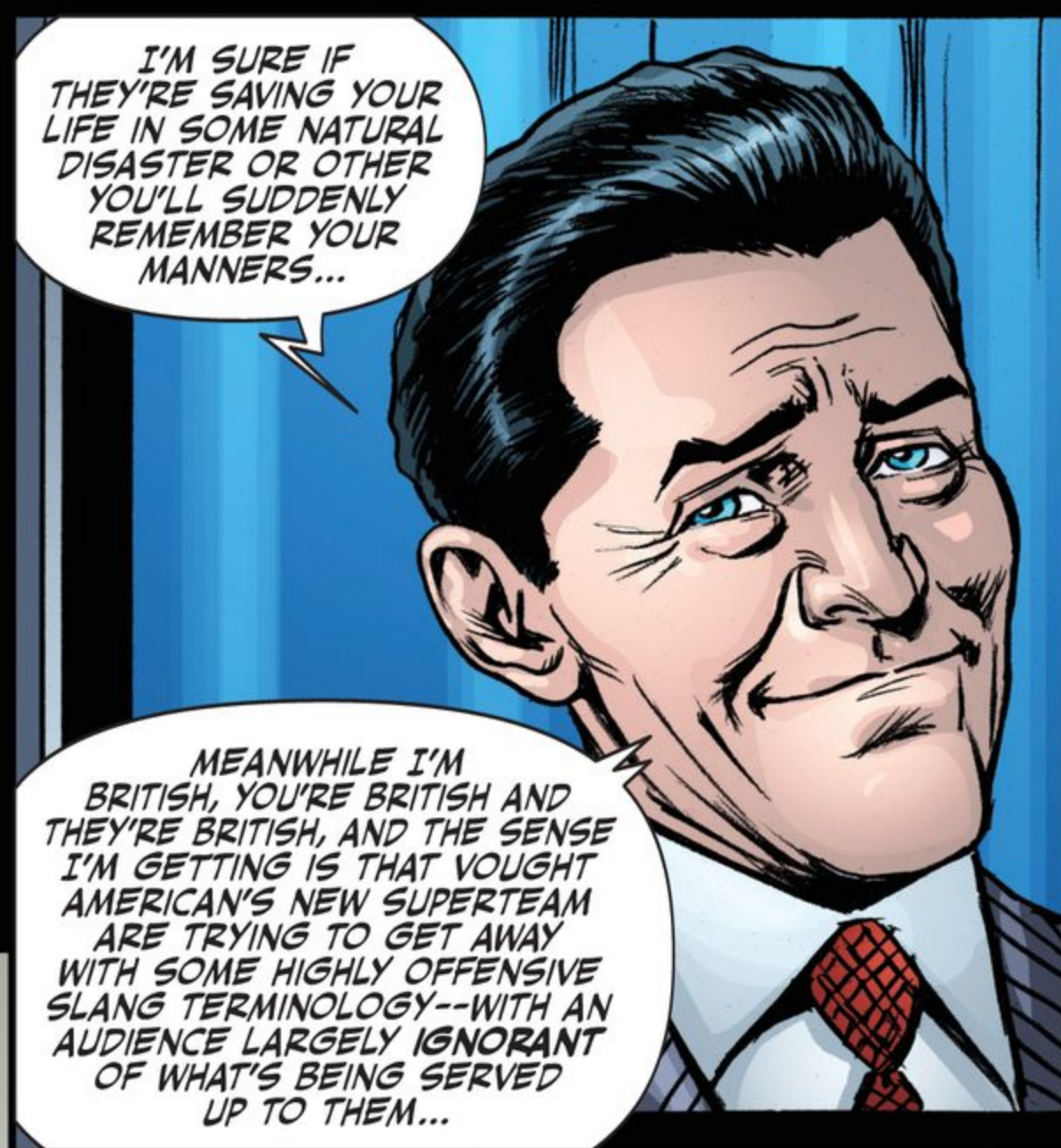
YOU FUCKIN' WHAT?



BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES, WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?

IT'S JUST HOW PEOPLE TALK NOWADAYS.

I SEE, SO I SHOULD BE ON EGGHELLS AROUND THESE SKORCHERS PEOPLE, SHOULD I?



I'M SURE IF THEY'RE SAVING YOUR LIFE IN SOME NATURAL DISASTER OR OTHER YOU'LL SUDDENLY REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS...

MEANWHILE I'M BRITISH, YOU'RE BRITISH AND THEY'RE BRITISH, AND THE SENSE I'M GETTING IS THAT VOUGHT AMERICAN'S NEW SUPERTeam ARE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH SOME HIGHLY OFFENSIVE SLANG TERMINOLOGY--WITH AN AUDIENCE LARGELY IGNORANT OF WHAT'S BEING SERVED UP TO THEM...



POINT IS, SKORCHERS ARE A GO AS OF NINE EASTERN YESTERDAY.



A FUCKIN' CONVERSATION ABOUT...AN' WHAT'S THIS **COMMUNITY** BOLLOCKS, LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE SUPE STREET WITH SUPE SHOPS AN' HOUSES ON IT?

AH, M'SIEU CHARCUTER-- COMMUNITY GOES, HOW YOU SAY, BEYOND THE CONCEPT OF MERE PHYSICAL SPACE...



YEAH, BUT WHAT IT USUALLY MEANS IS YOU'RE SAYIN' YOU'RE SPEAKIN' FOR THOUSANDS, WHEN REALLY YOU'RE JUST ONE CUNT...

LET'S STICK TO THE POINT.

M.M.?



THE SUPES AIN'T REALLY SHIT. WE GOT A COUPLA FLIERS, BLACK THUGG IS PRETTY STRONG, TEEN TEMPTRESS IS A FAST MOVER.

BUT JUST ON A HUNCH I TOOK A CLOSER LOOK AT JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH. MEDIACORP AIN'T HIS FIRST TIME WORKIN' FOR VOUGHT.



NO?

NO MEDIA EXPERIENCE AT ALL 'TIL HE MOVED OUT WEST IN NINETY-THREE. 'FORE THAT HE'S HEADIN' UP THE ACQUISITIONS OFFICE OF VOUGHT-AMERICAN PETROLEUM.

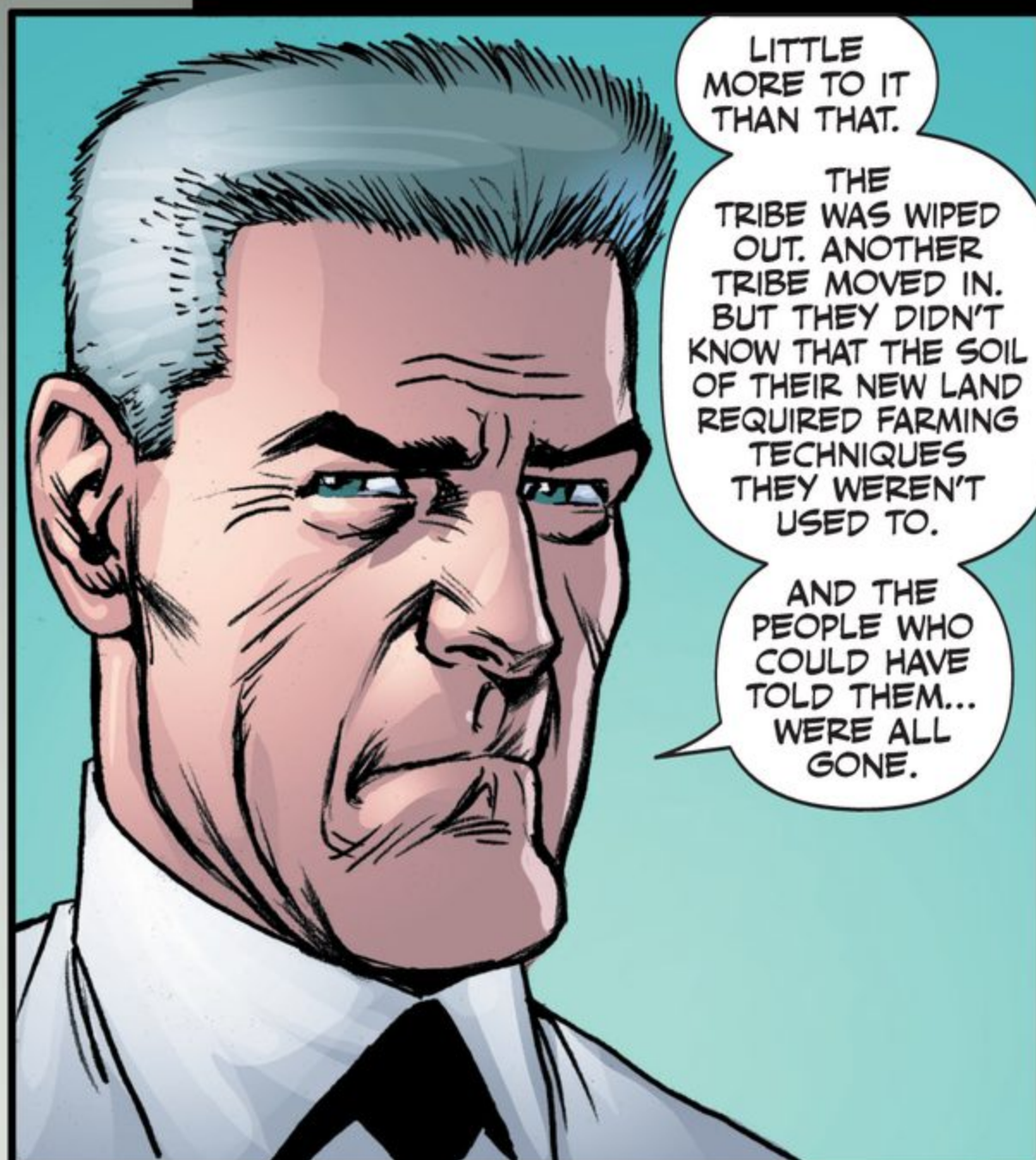
KINDA YOUNG FOR THE JOB, BUT THE DUDE'S A COMER. WHERE IT ALL GOES WRONG FOR HIM'S THE **GRAND SAVANNA DAM...**



I REMEMBER THAT. BLOODY THING BUST OPEN, THERE WAS THIS MASSIVE FUCKIN' FLOOD.

OH, MERDE. LES HOMMES, LES ELEPHANTS, LES GIRAFFES...THE PICTURES OF THEM, FLOATING IN THEIR THOUSANDS, ROTTING...

YOU HAD SOME WHOLE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT THERE, YEAH?



LITTLE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.

THE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT. ANOTHER TRIBE MOVED IN. BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE SOIL OF THEIR NEW LAND REQUIRED FARMING TECHNIQUES THEY WEREN'T USED TO.

AND THE PEOPLE WHO COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... WERE ALL GONE.



IT WAS NOTED AT THE TIME THAT THE NEW TRIBE WERE MUCH MORE RECEPTIVE TO OFFERS FROM V.A.P., WHO WANTED PART OF THEIR TERRITORY FOR DRILLING. BUT NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE DAM.

WHAT SCREWED VOUGHT WAS THE DEMISE OF THAT SECOND TRIBE BY FAMINE, WHICH NO ONE HAD FORESEEN--A HUMANITARIAN CATASTROPHE THAT RENDERED THE PROJECT *BEYOND TOXIC* IN P.R. TERMS...



COLONEL'S HAD ME LOOKIN' INTO A LOTTA VOUGHT'S SHIT THESE LAST COUPLA YEARS. SOME SUPE-RELATED, SOME MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE, SOME WIT' NO VISIBLE CONNECTION.

DO IT IN MY DOWNTIME, MOSTLY. JUST REACHIN' OUT, LOOKIN' FOR CONNECTIONS.





STORMFRONT...?



THERE WAS A V.A. INTERNAL MEMO THE LEGEND SENT US OVER. FROM WHEN VICTORY COMICS DID A CHARITY BOOK FOR THE GRAND SAVANNA.

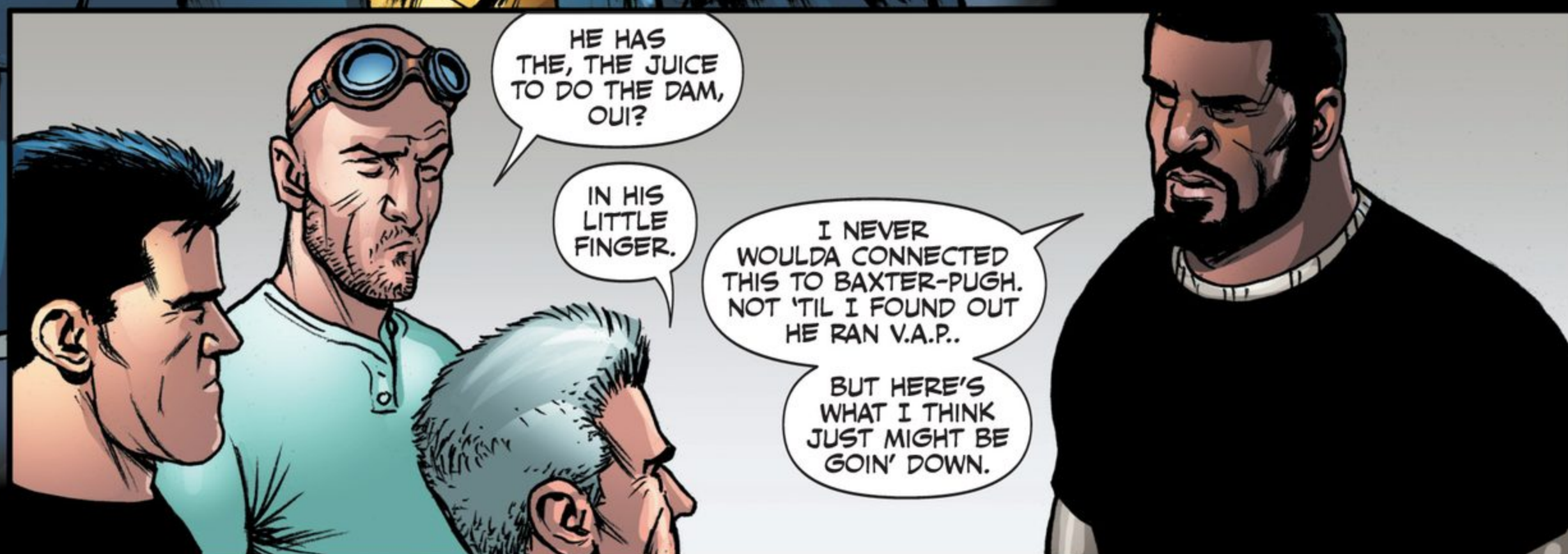
VOUGHT SAID THEY COULD USE ANY CHARACTERS THEY WANTED: BUT NOT HIM.



NO PUBLIC APPEARANCES.

NO USIN' HIS IMAGE IN THE BOOK.

HIS NAME COULD NOT GO ANYWHERE NEAR IT.



HE HAS THE, THE JUICE TO DO THE DAM, OUI?

IN HIS LITTLE FINGER.

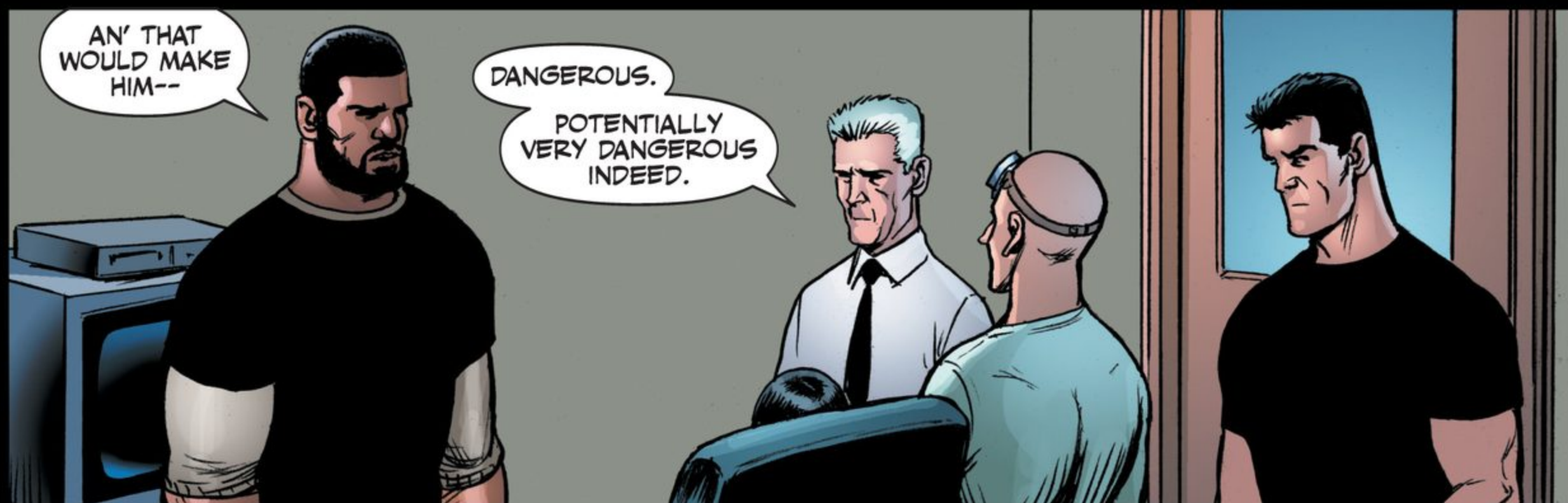
I NEVER WOULD'VE CONNECTED THIS TO BAXTER-PUGH. NOT 'TIL I FOUND OUT HE RAN V.A.P..

BUT HERE'S WHAT I THINK JUST MIGHT BE GOIN' DOWN.



JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH WANTS TO USE SUPES FOR SHIT NO ONE EVER HAD OR EVER SHOULD. HE TRIED ONCE, HE FUCKED UP.

NOW HE'S USIN' MEDIACORP TO LAUNCH SUPES OUTSIDE THE REGULAR VOUGHT STABLE, THAT JUST MAYBE HE AN' HE ALONE CONTROLS.



AN' THAT
WOULD MAKE
HIM--

DANGEROUS.
POTENTIALLY
VERY DANGEROUS
INDEED.



...AN' YOU'RE
MEANT TO BE
STORMFRONT'S
SON, YEAH?



I MEAN I KNOW
YOU AIN'T, YOU LOOK
FUCK ALL LIKE HIM, BUT
AIN'T THAT WHAT THEY
CALL YOU?

MM.

THEY JUST PUT ALL
THE SCANDI, VIKING, NAZI
TWATS TOGETHER. AN' WHEN
HE AIN'T WITH PAYBACK HE'S
WITH YOU AN' THE REST OF
'EM, *THE CHILDREN OF
STORMFRONT...*

MM-HM.



SO HOW
D'YOU GET
IN TOUCH?

WHEN YOU
WANNA HAVE
A TEAM-UP OR
WHATEVER?



WE DON'T.
HE DOES. *DADDY*
THINKS HE'S TOO
GOOD FOR US.

THE CHILDREN
OF STORMFRONT:
IT'S FUNNY YOU
SHOULD MENTION
THEM.





SURE
YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOIN' HERE,
CHIEF?

OH,
I SHOULD
FUCKING SAY
SO, *YES*...!



THIS IS
SKANDIA. SAY
HELLO TO THE
MORTAL,
SKANDIA.

INSECT...



SKANDIA IS A
TELEPATH. WE'RE GOING TO
BOUNCE YOU AROUND THIS
ALLEY FOR A WHILE, AND WHEN
WE'VE REDUCED MOST OF
YOUR SKELETON TO SHARDS
SHE'S GOING TO READ
YOUR MIND.

AND FIND OUT
WHERE YOU KEEP
THE FOOTAGE YOU'VE
BEEN HOLDING OVER
ME, YOU *FUCK*.



AND THEN
WE'LL REALLY GET
SERIOUS, AND BY THE
TIME YOU DIE YOU'LL--
IS SOMETHING FUCKING
AMUSING YOU ABOUT
THIS...?



AH, JUST
SOMETHIN' I WAS
THINKIN' ABOUT
THIS MORNIN.

MORE FUNNY
PECULIAR THAN
FUNNY HA-HA,
TO BE HONEST
WITH YOU.



WELL--

ALL RIGHT, VIKOR. CALM DOWN, MY SON.



NOW, WE CAN DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT. I DON'T HONESTLY RECOMMEND IT, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU.

THE FIVE OF US CAN TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB AND YOU *KNOW IT*, ASSHOLE...!



I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU CAN'T.

BUT WHAT IF I TOLD YOU-- SERIOUSLY, NO FUCKIN' ABOUT--THERE WAS A BETTER WAY TO SORT THIS OUT.

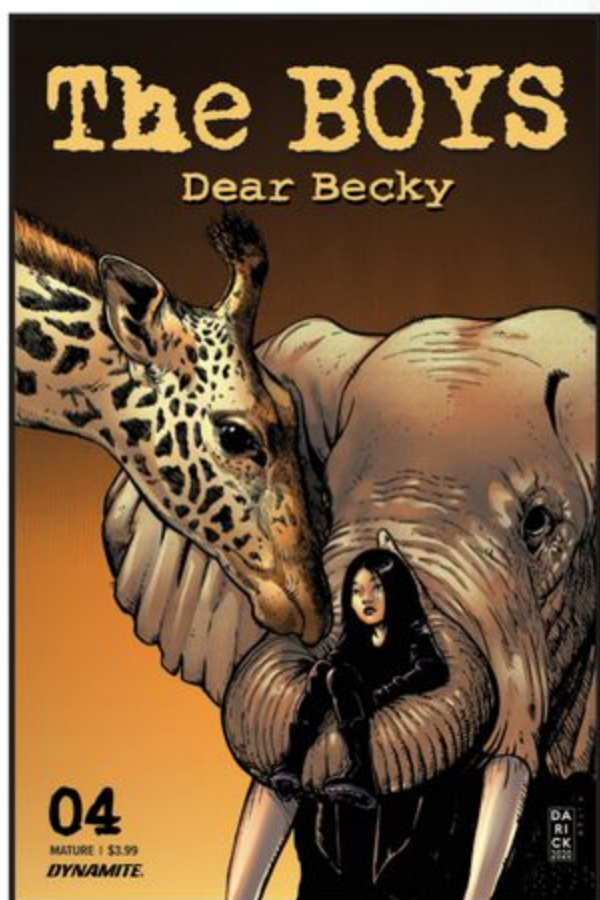
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?



I'D SAY IMAGINE THAT.

TAKE HIM.

TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ISSUE

Hughie gets a glimpse of what married life is like and is not at all put off, but- being Hughie- he soon pushes his luck too far. Meanwhile, Butcher finds a Supe eager to please for once- but when all hell breaks loose at Yankee Stadium, he starts to smell a big fat rat...

WRITER JOHN LAYMAN LAYS IT DOWN ON WHY RED SONJA IS UP AGAINST HER GREATEST CHALLENGE YET!

John, these pesky Martians have attacked all kinds of folks. From their peers who prefer to call the planet Barsoom, to KISS, finheads, lawgivers and the innocent minds of children lucky enough to come across the original cards. How does the She-Devil With a Sword measure up against the big brainies and is there a challenge in bringing them to the Hyborian Age?

One-on-one, Sonja definitely has the upper hand. But there is strength in numbers, not to mention large numbers of a technologically advanced alien society. It's not just laser swords and disintegration crossbows Sonja has to worry about, but the Martian mastermind behind this entire invasion. He's a scientific genius when it comes to weird, sci-fi experimentation, so Red Sonja will have to contend with that. She's got a tough road ahead of her.

Will fans get to see some of those infamously large noggins sliced through? We assume there is going to be a whole ton of action in this series. What's it like working with artist Fran Strukan to bring that to the page?

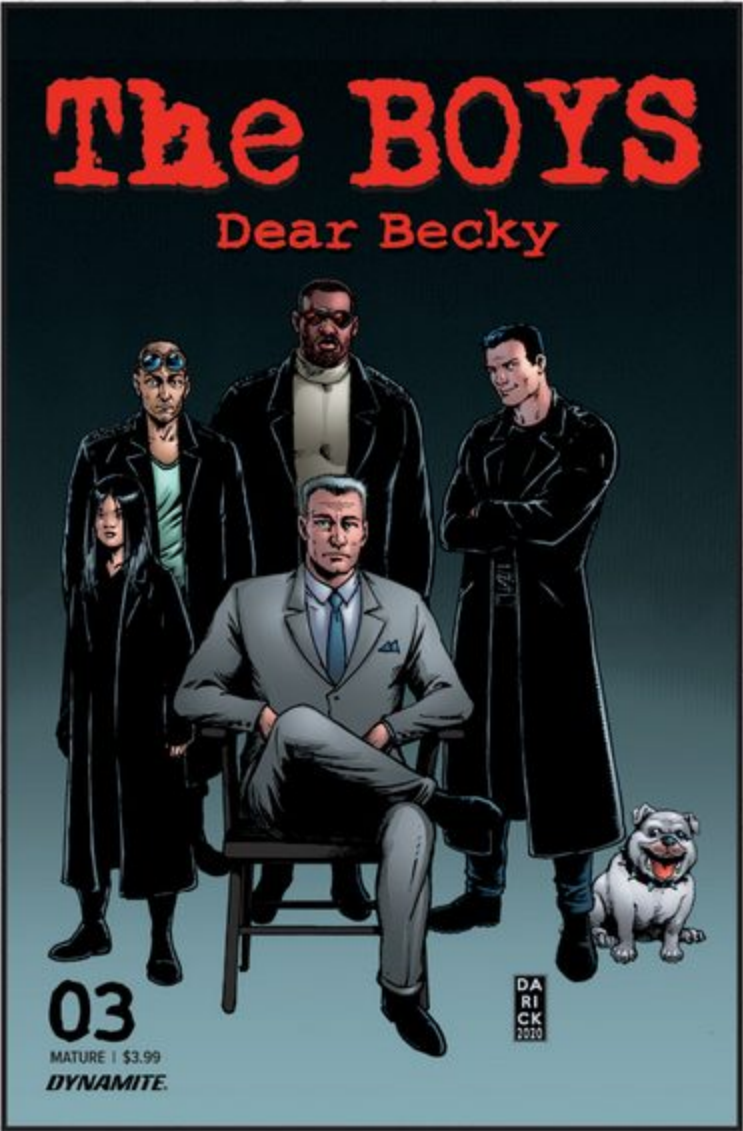
Fran has been great. I'm asking him to draw a lot of nutty stuff, and he is totally up to the challenge. Doesn't matter if it's barbarians with battle-axes or giant robots with laser beam eyes or genetically-engineered bugs... he nails it every time. And yes, there is plenty of Mars Attacks ultra-violence... it would not be Mars Attacks if there wasn't. Fran kicks ass on that too. As does our colorist, Valentina Briški.

Some cool kids may know this is actually a glorious return to the franchise for you, as you wrote a fan-favorite stretch of Mars Attacks previously. Has it been fun getting back into their twisted minds? Should we be on the lookout for any connections or Easter eggs?

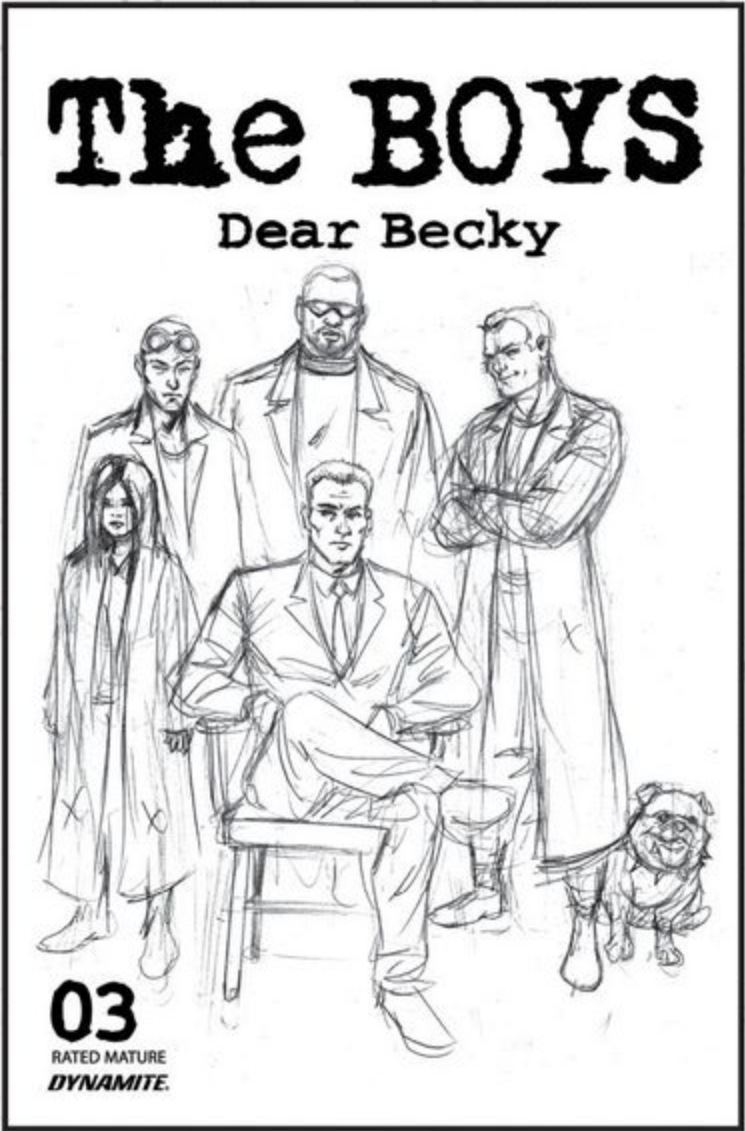
In my mind it's all a connected universe, though of course by no means will you have had to read the older stuff, my magnificent 15 issues run on Mars Attacks. But, yes, there is a bit of connective tissue between books, and also with Red Sonja, whom I wrote a long, loooong time ago – one of my very first freelance gigs.

You've had your fair share of fun in the Dynamite stable and the sword & sorcery genre, going back to Red Sonja/Claw and your acclaimed run on Xena. What makes this genre such fun to tackle in comic books? And let's close out with your broad thoughts on Red Sonja herself!

Swords & Sorcery Barbarian stuff is something I haven't written nearly enough of, and I always enjoy it when I do. I purposely pursued this gig with Dynamite, sometimes I think they finally approved it because it was clear I wasn't going away. I love both Mars Attacks and Red Sonja and have had loads of fun writing them both. What could be more fun? Writing them together!



cover A
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**
colors by
TONY AVIÑA



BONUS VARIANT
b&w cover
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**



BONUS VARIANT
"virgin" cover
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**
colors by
TONY AVIÑA

Cover Gallery

D.R. & QUINCH

